



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 12

April 2010

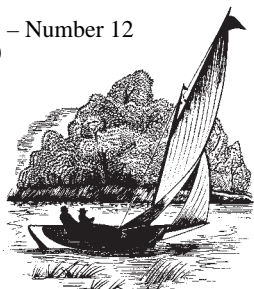
**Special Features This Issue**  
“Our Last Voyage in the Mini-Tug *Atlantic Hunter*”  
“A Short Single-Handed Cruise”  
“*Frances E Sails*” — “Sea Harmony to the US”  
“Seven Summers on the *Tommy K*”



# messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 27 – Number 12  
April 2010



US subscription price is \$32 for one year.  
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are  
available upon request  
Address is 29 Burley St  
Wenham, MA 01984-1043  
Telephone is 978-774-0906  
There is no machine  
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks  
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman  
For subscription or circulation inquiries or  
problems, contact:  
**Jane Hicks at**  
**maib.office@gmail.com**

## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Review
- 7 Return of the *Evelina M. Goulart*
- 8 Our Last Voyage in the Mini-Tugboat *Atlantic Hunter*
- 11 A Short Single-Handed Cruise
- 15 Seven Summers on the *Tommy K.*
- 19 Adventures in *Solid Waste*: Part 4
- 20 *Sea Harmony* to the US
- 22 Boats Really Don't Make Sense: You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water
- 25 With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers: First Cruises in a Cat
- 26 20 Years of Cruising Solo on Fishers Island & Long Island Sounds: Part 1
- 28 The Ensign Story: North America's Largest Class of Full-Keel One-Design Sailboats
- 29 A Bit of Background on Charles D. Mower
- 30 Beyond the Horizon
- 32 *Frances E Sails*
- 36 Build Your Own Boat Classes
- 37 Boat Building with Burnham
- 38 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Carrying on the Tradition
- 40 NorseBoat Builds Whale Boats for Film *Moby Dick*
- 41 In My Shop
- 42 Behold... A Really Big Boat!
- 43 Super Dink
- 44 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Clamshell Carrier
- 46 Evolution of the Twinsail Rig
- 48 Bob Halsey
- 49 David Davignon: Ebb Tide...
- 50 From the Lee Rail
- 50 Don't Count on Those Old Flares
- 51 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2010

# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



When a friend alerted me to an internet posting about a huge container ship, I had a look and decided, on a whim, to bring it to your attention in this issue, you'll find it as "Behold... A Really Big Boat." Having gone that far, I further decided to run one of the photos on the cover and so you see it, a couple of tiny small craft scouting around beneath the stern of this monster. Almost immediately after I had determined to exercise this whim, the ad copy arrived from Adirondack Guideboats for the back cover and, lo and behold, another huge container ship! Like bookends, the two covers enfold on these pages a new interpretation of our title's implications.

I'd never have indulged in this really long stretch to include such a huge craft on our pages were it not for the fact that Hugh Ware's ongoing "Beyond the Horizon" monthly column seems to have touched a chord of real interest amongst many of you. When Hugh first proposed my publishing his overview of the world of really big boats regularly I, as usual, said, "why not, let's see what happens."

What happens, usually, is that I seldom hear anything about any of the articles we publish except as notes on renewals. Since these comments come along with renewals they are almost always positive about whatever topic has struck the fancy of the reader. A major number of such positive comments have referred to Hugh's column. So what is it that big ships have that attracts your interest as small boat folks?

For myself, Hugh's column has added detail to a whole world of boating out there we seldom ever hear about in the mass media. I find that this world is a very busy one and is fraught with considerable danger. The most recent danger, that from piracy, is a rare one that actually attracted the attention of the mass media, perhaps because the media folk had viewed that recent movie, "Pirates of the Caribbean," and were primed for it when piracy actually happened in the real world.

More mundane dangers that arise from everyday circumstances which cause collisions, groundings, capsizes, and so on pass by unnoticed by our self-centered focus on our own nation and its inhabitants. Thus we heard much about a New York ferryboat crashing into a pier and killing and injuring several persons while, were it not for Hugh, we'd have never heard about an overloaded ferry on Africa's Lake Victoria capsizing and

drowning 1,100!

Well, why do we need, or want, to know these things that do not materially affect our own lives? As boat people we all indulge in an activity performed in an essentially hostile environment, whatever the size of our craft, one in which we are not naturally equipped to function and survive without artificial aids. Those who go out there to earn their living and make their profits are the big dogs in this game and so their doings must perhaps inspire some fellowship feelings amongst us puppy dogs. Perhaps this is why the sports fans, who are at best very minor players in their game of choice (if players at all!), follow the doings of the big dogs in the various major sports leagues.

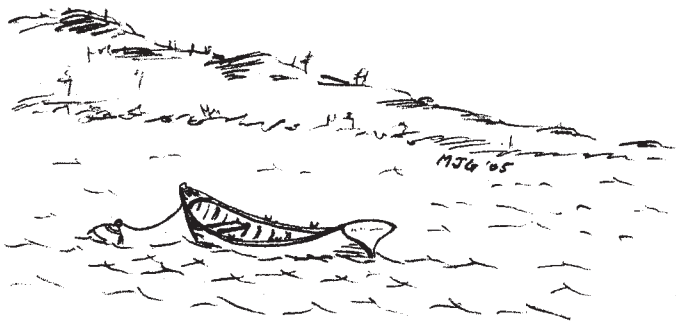
Boats (ships) have been essential artifacts long in use as civilization spread around the world, until recent times almost solely as working implements. The growth in their size has followed along with the rise in demand for ever more capacity to move ever more goods to earn ever more money. These huge container ships, which far exceed the size of our biggest naval vessels, are just the current state of the art and will no doubt continue to increase in size as technology makes their construction and operation possible.

Perhaps another reason we find this sort of news of interest is a degree of awe aroused by really large-scale human activity wherever it takes place. Really big buildings, huge flood control projects, monster jet planes, all sorts of big stuff. I recall as a teenager during World War II the big construction trucks, bulldozers, and steam shovels constructing the nearby airfield for the US Navy. The ease with which they moved the earth (one firm had emblazoned on their equipment "McCarthy Brothers... We Move the Earth!") with an illustration of the earth resting in a steam shovel bucket), in comparison to my shovel and wheelbarrow efforts on our small family farm, certainly fascinated me and youthful envy was easily aroused.

So perhaps some of us who indulge in small boating view the doings of the big dogs with much interest, contemplating what it must be like to control 123,000 tons afloat underway at sea. On the chance that this is so, I chose to bring you this diversion from our true small boat calling to provide some "visuals" of what Hugh has been telling us all about now for several years.

## On the Cover...

I just hadda run this shot of a couple of small craft scouting around UNDER the stern of a 123,000-ton (cargo capacity) container ship shown in more detail in "Behold... A Really Big Boat!" in this issue, since so many of you have commented on how much you enjoy Hugh Ware's monthly "Beyond the Horizon" column about the big stuff.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

I went sailing with my son and his family last August. On Monday it blew a good 15 knots and I refrained from hanking on my larger genoa. Even my 115% would prove more than enough, but within the shelter of the breakwater it didn't seem all that fierce. Once outside, the wind sufficed to heel us over 20-30 degrees, causing considerable consternation to four-year-old Jasper, whose water journeys have mostly been by canoe. He hung on tightly to anything within reach and inquired why we couldn't return to the dock. "Because we are having fun," we replied. It's all a matter of perspective. I've been out when I needed to reef, but never been caught by a squall when I lost control. Perhaps, when that happens, some grown-up can reassure me.

A couple of hours sufficed on Monday to give us all an appetite for dinner. Safe in our slip, we stowed our gear, scrubbed the deck, and went off to the lobster pound. Jasper and his cousin, Kelly, were much consoled by the prospect of lobster dinner. The cats were consoled by leftover melted butter and they hadn't even been asked along for the sail.

Thursday proved a glorious day: 10 knots, calm seas, and sunshine by the bushel. The wind blew from the south. We had a close reach both coming and going along the Connecticut shore and made our way to the mouth of the Thames at New London. Jasper continued to request we return to the dock, but there was much less vehemence in his requests and during all of our passage he remained by the forward hatch. I stayed there with him and pointed out the various boats and lighthouses.

"Look," I said. "There goes the high-speed ferry to Montauk Point." A hydrofoil boat of 50 tons, it attains a speed of 40 knots and throws a rooster tail 10' tall. And, marvel of marvels, out came a submarine from the Navy base up river, her long deck nearly awash. She headed south toward The Race at such a leisurely pace that we gained a mile for a better view before she slipped down and sought audience with the whales.

Then we saw the ferry to Orient Point depart the Thames as her sister ship hove into view, emerging from Gardiners Bay. The two of them met and curtsied and continued their opposite ways. That reminded us that my son and his family planned to take that ferry that afternoon, and we jibed *MoonWind* and reached our way toward Noank.

Now my focus must be to make *MoonWind* seaworthy before the first of the month. Paula flies to Rhodes in the Aegean then, and I shall sail eastward. I need to improve my facility with my handheld GPS and procure more charts. Once I secure my fuel tanks and their covers, I should refinish the bright work on my Whitehall. I'll need her as my tender to go ashore as I can't afford a thousand dollars for docking fees over the two-week period.

The weather should be ideal the early portion of September. I anticipate a delightful trip and homey harbors and hospitable receptions. Already the wind has begun to be more constant. Hopefully, on my return, my notebook will bulge with tales of that mythical land to the east they name Massachusetts. Everyone from Connecticut knows that the end of the sea lies just the other side of Newport, Rhode Island, and anyone who sails beyond inevitably falls off the edge of the world. But when has skepticism deterred this sailor?

I hope to return and make charts proving that Wood's Hole and Martha's Vineyard really exist. Not that anyone hereabouts will believe me. Sailors here are always amused by being told there's a seventy-first meridian. You probably have some serious doubts, yourself. I hope to prove, once and for all, that there really is a country called Massachusetts. But aside from my being shanghaied by mermaids, you probably won't believe a thing I tell you.

## SMALL BOATS on Green Waters



A TREASURY OF GOOD TRADING—  
ON COASTAL AND INLAND CRUISING

Edited by Brian Anderson

Much nautical literature focuses on the high seas, circumnavigations, big races, or great ships. This book takes the other tack: it gathers the best writing on small boats—sailboats, canoes, kayaks, and rowboats—having grand adventures on rivers, lakes, and near shore on the ocean.

### ALSO, DON'T MISS:

- The Journals of Constant Waterman, \$14
- Flotsam and Jetsam, by Robb White, \$19.95
- Lapstrake Canoes, \$21.95
- The Working Guide to Traditional Small-Boat Sails, \$21.95
- Cheap Outboards, \$24.95
- Boatbuilding for Beginners, \$24.95
- Hell's Half Mile, \$15

### AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE.

We normally take mail orders, but from mid-February until mid-April 2010, we won't be able to. If all goes according to plan, the entire staff of this family-owned publishing company will be sailing our homebuilt 31' Cormorant in the Exumas.

For those who know  
there is simply nothing  
better than messing  
about in small boats.

Join your like-minded friends  
across America in pursuit of  
happiness.

Visit [TSCA.Net](http://TSCA.Net)  
and sign up today.



TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT ASSOCIATION  
**TSCA**  
FOUNDED 1978

Traditional Small Craft Association  
PO Box 350 Mystic, CT 06355



# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Planning for Summer's WCHA Assembly

Members of the Northeast and Norumbega Chapters of the WCHA met late winter to discuss the two chapters' presence and activities at the 2010 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association Assembly to be held at Franklin Pierce College in Rindge, New Hampshire, this summer.

Keeping the assembly theme of guide canoes and canoe guides in mind, participants discussed the following: setting up two typical riverside campsites, circa 1910 and 2010, replete with appropriate canoes, camping and sporting gear, and clothing; providing bean hole beans; presenting a Norumbega chapter-sponsored lake paddle; setting pole demos, instruction, and a shoreline tour, assuming availability of an experienced setting pole user; erecting a large tent as a "home place" for the two chapters; displaying pictures, artwork, and artifacts of old-time guiding life; organizing canoe displays according to broad eras, e.g., earliest to pre-1920 (circa) and later. Suggested for national Assembly planners; inviting North Country canoe guides who use wooden canoes and regional New England professional guide organizations.

Paul McGuire, Northeast Chapter, WCHA

### Clearwater Festival Scheduled

The Clearwater Festival (Great Hudson River Revival) will take place at Croton Point Park, Westchester County, New York, June 19 and 20. With the focus on the Hudson River, a Working Waterfront is an ongoing feature of the Revival. We are planning many activities to get people on the water in small boats. Clearwater, founded on the water, wants to make festival attendees aware of its roots.

Working Waterfront expects to present representative vessels for visits and use. These boats are traditional and contemporary vessels, all active in historical, recreational, or commercial service. These boats, and the grand sloop *Clearwater*, will be on the Hudson River, some with scheduled sails. A fleet of small boats will be available in which to messabout. The messabout is a major Waterfront feature that gives owners, builders, and users of small boats a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. The public attending our festival will be invited to join in boats on the water. The intimacy of being on the water and working or playing with small boats draws people into a natural environmental advocacy.

If you desire to participate on the water with your boat, or with an onshore boat-oriented demonstration, contact us at the phone numbers or email below.

Stan Dickstein, (845) 462-3113, dickstein@verizon.net

Eric Russell, (917) 446-5414

Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, (845) 265-8080, volcoord@clearwater.org

4 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2010

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Recalling the *Nina* and *Pinta*

"*Nina* and *Pinta*," John Nystrom's article in the February 2010 issue, reminded me of seeing the replicas of Columbus' ships that arrived in Boston as part of the 500-year anniversary of the 1492 voyage. The ships had made a rough crossing of the Atlantic under escort by a Spanish Navy destroyer that was berthed nearby and were open for public tours.

I had done an Atlantic crossing on a sleek 51' cutter in 1988 and was eager to compare "my" vessel with the replicas. I was absolutely dazzled by how homely and unseaworthy the three ships appeared, round-bottomed, top-heavy, blunt-bowed. My knees wobbled at the thought of spending weeks aboard such a boat, especially on a stormy night when the navigator had no idea whether the next ten miles would reveal open water, reefs, a continent, or the edge of the world.

Moving around onboard, I could only conclude that Spanish sailors of the era must have resembled chimpanzees. Below, the dark space between decks was barely adequate for me to stand in a deep crouch. And up top, the camber of the deck was so extreme that just standing felt precarious. Even with modern worm- and weevil-free provisions and good charts, the crossing must have been awful.

My unenthusiastic impressions were apparently shared by the ships' volunteer civilian crews. A young ensign from the destroyer explained that they'd all disappeared soon after the dock lines were made fast and hadn't been seen since.

### "Gallatin's Dream" Hit the Spot

I was particularly taken with Monty Morris' "Gallatin's Dream" article in the January issue. I've done bits and pieces of the Intracoastal over the years, but never the whole thing from Manasquan to Florida. On my frequent flights to Florida to care for my dad, I try to always get a window seat so I can track our progress, mainly from recognizing parts of the Intracoastal Waterway. I never dared to unfold a map on my lap, I'm sure that would be considered subversive. On some flights that have movies we were asked to pull our shades down to help make the cabin darker. I was just waiting for someone to tell me I couldn't look at our beautiful country but was mandated to view TV instead. Luckily I was never challenged. Now they're too cheap and have taken the movies out of the medium-range flights I take.

I love history and never imagined that there was such a story to the Intracoastal. Monty Morris did a great job.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

## Information of Interest...

### New Boat Building Shop

Joe Thompson, after ten years with Brooklin Boatyard, has recently left to start a new boat building and retail shop in Sedgwick Maine. Salt Pond Rowing will be offering a selection of rowing and sailing vessels including prams, skiffs, dinghies, dories, wherries, and recreational rowing shells as well as oars and rowing accessories. Joe specializes in glued plywood lapstrake construction using high quality marine plywood and solid wood with West Epoxy® resin.

Designs come from the drawing boards of John Brooks, Joel White, and Joe Thompson. There will be five boats available for spring delivery including a Compass Harbor Pram, 12' Salt Pond Skiff, a Thompson-designed 15' Swampscott Dory, an 18' Peregrine wherry, and a 25' high performance recreational shell. Accessories will include custom spoon oars, stock oars, oarlocks, leathers, gunwale guards, and wheel dollies.

The shop, at the corner of Rt 172 and Hales Hill Rd, will be open by appointment or by chance.

Salt Pond Rowing, 13 Hales Hill Rd, Sedgwick ME 04676, (207) 359-6539, [www.saltpondrowing.com](http://www.saltpondrowing.com)



### Future "Survivor" Already Playing the Game!

We'd like to introduce you to the self-proclaimed winner of the 21st season of "Survivor!" Though CBS hasn't even revealed the location, let alone chosen who the castaways will be, they did recognize the strong character of Jimmy T., a former Gloucester fisherman and reigning International Rowing Champion, whom they selected as a finalist in their online Casting Call Contest. "I owe it to my wife and daughters to do everything I can to win this thing!" said Jim Tarantino.

Rather than await the voting results that will determine who gets an interview with the network in Los Angeles, Jimmy T. decided to "Outwit, Outplay, and Outlast" the other contestants by launching a full scale media blitz and ask for your vote on the "Survivor" website!

In the photo Jimmy T. has just hit the beach after setting a course record with his 450lb Grand Banks Dory during the 22-mile, open water Blackburn Challenge last July! To see his entry video entitled, "Gloucester Fisherman" and to vote in the contest, go to; [http://www.cbs.com/primetime/survivor/casting\\_call/](http://www.cbs.com/primetime/survivor/casting_call/)



## Projects...

### The Bugeye We Built

Here is a photo of my Bugeye, *Katherine May*, under sail. She was built by Sd Dickson and I.

John Hawkinson, Easton, MD



### Superior Realism

This is possibly the very best photograph I've ever seen of a model boat in action, taken by the builder Hans Staal of his traditional Dutch fishing Hengst. Study it carefully, watch the bow wave forming, you can almost, with imagination, feel the spray and hear the whoosh of water, the midship crewman hanging on, the stern lowering in the water as the boat gathers speed.

Mark Steele, Auckland, NZ



### Trying to Stay Busy

I am just a retired carpenter trying to stay busy by bringing back two 1930s Old Town boats so they can be used once again as they were intended (see my classified ad in this issue).

William Peterson, Princeton, ME

### Shantyboat Article Boosted My Desire

The "Why a Shantyboat" article in the February issue boosted my desire to get my "Small World" pontoon/houseboat project underway again, possibly to be done by May or June. Before the cold weather really slammed us here in upland North Carolina, I had one pontoon about two-thirds built and the take-apart (two sections) deck frame almost built. My little basement woodworking shop is getting really crowded and the little wood stove just doesn't heat it enough for my 83-year-old bones so I'll have to wait a while for warmer weather to work outside.

Since the cost of materials in that article came to about \$4,000 (excluding the motor), I hope that my "Small World" cost of about

\$600 might interest some readers in my design. The prototype has a 6'x10' deck and can be used without a cabin initially if desired with a heavy tarp over the deck on a nylon line strung between poles at bow and stern, with 7' headroom.

I may use the prototype as a slow cruising pontoon boat powered by a medium horsepower electric motor, but a 2-3hp gas outboard would work also, although noisier. I can visit a lot of locations on a fairly calm lake at 3-4mph. 12mph or more seems too fast for me for a houseboat type of craft.

Walter Head, Hobbycraft Kayaks, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692

## This Magazine...

### Congratulations are in Order

I think congratulations are really in order for your February issue of *MAIB*. Every article was worth reading, some more than others, and let me be more specific about what I find engrossing and attractive reading.

First was that sweet and painful message about Joan Abrams and the Dinghy Cruising Association. We've had more than our share of giants go down recently, Robb White, Phil Bolger, and here's another small boat lover gone. It was a nice remembrance.

Issue after issue Matthew Goldman keeps on writing appropriate and interesting columns, just the right number of words and thoughts about his life on the water.

The reports on the East Coast Open Water Rowing races, with fine accompanying photos, plus the one on the Glen-L Gathering of Boat Builders, made me want to be there.

Maybe the "jewel in the crown" was Reinhard Zollitsch's report on his efforts to track down the place where John Cabot landed in 1497 and after. To do this he had to research Cabot's history, and thank goodness he shared that fact hunt with us readers. What a fine story it makes, with a lot of blanks that Zollitsch tried to fill in with possible or plausible explanations. I learned a lot about Columbus, the Treaty of Cordesillas, and why Brazilians speak Portuguese and the rest of South America speaks Spanish. Zollitsch, who has written so often and well for *MAIB* about his voyages and adventures in his 17' kayak, is an intrepid and careful water person and a fine writer as well; I hope his essays will become a book some day soon, complete with many of his great photos.

Sue Hammer's "Maine Yell on the Allagash" and Paul Harrison's "Land of the Cuckoos" were both good reads, but the description of life on "A Canal Boat Voyage on the Hudson," reprinted from *The Outlook*, dated October 1898, was just so real, grim, and downright tough. One sometimes loses sight of the great quantities of goods and basics they hauled to market. Those old photos emphasized the story. A lot of people think that history is just one damn thing after another but this reprint makes it clear that a lot of history was hard work, bitter, unforgiving, and dangerous.

The two articles by Dan Rogers were both good reading.

As if to bring the Hudson River Canal Boat story up to date, Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" report gives us a worldwide review picture of the accidents, adventures, loss of life, rescues, and pirate attacks that ships and sailors experience every day. I am

convinced that the most dangerous vessels are ferries. And there are thousands of them, mostly unregulated, often unseaworthy. What research that man does.

Isn't it nice that you have a backlog of old and good articles from "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*!" Keep the good words flowing.

I have only one complaint about *MAIB*, the type is just too small for these tired old eyes.

David Pardoe, Huntington, MA

**Editor Comments:** Our 9-point type is kinda small, but mostly for us few older folks. Reading glasses make it readable to me so far. Increasing type size to 10-point might be a little better but would result in loss of about 10% of an issue's text content due to larger type and its wider line spacing.

### Great Photo

Great photo of "Gay" and the 20' canoe on the roof of the VW bug in the February "You write to us about..." pages.

Hilary Russell, Berkshire Boat Building, Sheffield, MA

### Two Articles Delighted Me

Two articles in the February issue delighted me. Bolger on Design's "Canal Boat" illustrates that he was a genius and I hope you will be able to continue bringing his work to us as he left behind a legacy of material for us to admire.

"Tackling a Massive Oak Log" by Harold Burnham, who is this guy? Just kidding, I know who he is, as does the whole town of Essex, Massachusetts. I've been told by another Essex Burnham that Harold is a direct descendant of the first Burnham to build boats in town. Boat building in Essex since Day One! Harold is the guy who knows how it goes.

George Thompson, Essex, MA

**Editor Comments:** Phil's widow, Susanne Altenberger will be continuing regular contributions from Phil's archives.

### Fine Article on the Shantyboat

I especially liked the article on the Shantyboat in the February issue. For further reading, get Harlan Hubbard's fine account of seven years on a shantyboat, *Shantyboat, A River Way of Life*. Also pertinent to this topic was Tim O'Brien's article.

Andrew Donaldson, ME

**Editor Comments:** A look at our Reviews records shows we reviewed this book twice, in July 1991 and again in April 2004.



You're just one click away from the Fein Tools that you can't do without:

<http://www.waltertool.com>

MultiMaster Tools • Sanders • Routers •  
Vacuums • Grinders • Caulking Cutters  
Plus all Accessories & Parts

Toll Free: 800-356-6926

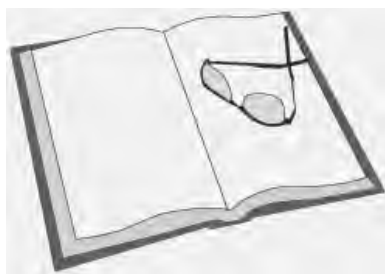
It almost seemed as if Moses had come down from the mountain on August 25, 1988 at the Wooden Boat (pre-magazine) Show at the Newport Yachting Center. The long-anticipated "Chris-Craft book" had arrived, hot off the press by overnight air freight. I was there to be the judge for the Concourse, and someone I knew was lucky enough to buy a copy from that first box.

Before that time, the *Real Runabout* series written by Bob Speltz, first published in 1977, was the primary source for information on mahogany runabouts. Bob had been a teacher but was forced into early retirement because his progressive kidney disease required dialysis treatments several times a week. With the time he had, Bob researched and wrote, starting with Volume I and finally reaching Volume VI before his death. Bob was a wonderful writer, and taken together the volumes are a remarkable resource, covering all the major manufacturers plus hundreds of smaller local and foreign builders, some of whom were only in business a few years. Bob's style was to compile information on a number of builders and include it in one book.

As you might expect, Chris-Craft was part of Volume I, but as more information reached Bob, he revisited them in II, III, and V (IV was about outboard boats). Enthusiasts learned to flip from book to book but longed for a publication which would put it all together in order in one Chris-Craft history.

*The Legend of Chris-Craft* by Jeffrey Rodengen, PhD, came out that summer of '88 and, for many, it seemed to meet expectations. The first printing sold out and it was revised and republished two more times that I know of. For some of us, however, it was more or less a disappointment with spotty coverage of the many models designed and built by Chris-Craft, and containing too many factual errors. Rodengen seemed to come off as a writer and researcher first and a "boat person" second, if at all. We were used to Bob Speltz's overflowing enthusiasm for his subjects, so Rodengen seemed a little cool.

The book relied heavily on photos, both from the Chris-Craft archives and wonderful new shots taken primarily in Michigan by Rodengen's talented wife, Karine. She was limited by the boats she could line up for photo shoots and the end result was not really comprehensive. Rodengen included a chapter on "Boats You Never Saw," artists' conceptions of possible future models, but no photos of boats you ought to be told about, with no photos at all of the milestone 1946-49 20' Custom Runabout, and no photos of any



## Book Review

### Chris-Craft Boats

By Anthony Mollica, Jr and Jack Savage

Reviewed by Boyd Mefferd

of the three lengths of the 1950-54 Riviera series which reached an impressive production of 1672 hulls in all.

I dwell on Speltz's compositional style and Rodengen's shortcomings because they all are corrected and then some by this book. I am reviewing, *Chris-Craft Boats* by Anthony (Tony) Mollica, Jr and Jack Savage, first published in 2001 and re-published in 2009. I don't personally know Jack Savage, but I've been an acquaintance of Tony's for many years and can vouch that he is a "boat person" first and foremost. He is active with numerous antique boating organizations and is the author of several other boating books.

Tony knows his Chris-Crafts and the only factual error I was able to detect is car-related and minor (the Chevrolet Corvette was first introduced in 1953, not 1954). The book is broken down into chapters on Runabouts, Cruisers, Utilities, Kit and Plywood Boats, Lapstrakes, and Marine Engines. A reader can concentrate on the style he or she likes best, but it's all good. The authors go through, year by year and model by model. It gets complicated because Chris-Craft followed the lead of the nearby auto industry and switched models frequently, always ready to entice the buyer with something new. Models are not just listed, but woven into an easy flowing prose full of comments and observations. Chris-Craft management personnel were masters of both manufacturing and marketing and considerations of both figured into the creation of every new model.

In the book certain models get extra attention, like the 1950-52 radical 23' Holiday Utility that Tony and I both like so much, but really all get their due and are recognized for their places in the overall success that made Chris-Craft into the world's largest boat manufacturer. Management was always looking ahead and the authors relate how the company anticipated the approach of World War II, suggesting that soon pleasure craft might become unavailable so people should buy new boats while they still could. Chris-Craft then sharply raised prices in '40 and '41 to take advantage of whatever panic buying there might have been.

This book is not just about Chris-Craft but is full of information on models that their competitors introduced, discussing their influence on Chris-Craft and vice versa. Price was always a major consideration and Chris-Craft nipped away at luxury yacht

builders by offering something almost as nice for a whole lot less.

The mahogany runabout hobby has changed a lot since 1977 when Bob Speltz published Volume I, and Mollica and Savage readily acknowledge the many sources of information available to them. First among these, obviously, is the Chris-Craft archives at the Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia. It was pretty hit and miss in the early days, and someone like the late George Johnson (called the world's largest non-authorized Chris-Craft dealer) knew a lot about Chris-Craft because he had seen a lot of boats pass through his hands.

I recall writing an indignant letter of correction myself to someone who published a comparison of two models based on photographs. I happened to have both boats in my yard and knew firsthand that the comparison wasn't correct. Early on Chris-Craft hull cards (production records) were available through Joe Morrison in Algonac, Michigan, who worked for Chris-Craft Industries, the conglomerate which ended with the name (the boat production belonged to another company at that time). Joe's job was selling off the last of the parts inventory and he would access the archives for a small fee.


When the stock was finally liquidated and the Algonac facility closed, the records were donated to the Mariners' Museum, who subsequently preserved and organized them so that real research could be done. Mollica and Savage have boiled some of this down to a handy appendix which lists all the post-war runabouts and utilities by model and year and provides production numbers. What we would have given for this information in the early days!

In this same time frame the number of restored boats and boat shows which feature them have grown rapidly. Since 1984, I believe, we've had the father-and-son team of Jim and Norm Wargard of *Classic Boating Magazine* out taking photos. Over time they've become the runabout Rosenfelds and now have a large archive of carefully framed stills and action shots taken all across the country of most of the finest restored examples available. *Chris-Craft Boats* reproduces a number of these photos and augments them with shots from the Mariner's archives and some other additions as well.

It's not a coffee table book but the photos and color printing (China) are superb. Every photo caption includes some sort of brief explanation or point of interest, so it's possible to not even read the text and still get a pretty good idea of what Chris-Craft was all about. Many of the photos are of boats that can be seen at current shows and it's fun to see photos of personal friends running them. The only thing people like better than a photo of a boat like theirs is a published photo of their actual boat, or their good buddy's. I was surprised to see a photo I didn't know existed of a boat I own.

As you might expect from a comprehensive review of roughly 50 years of production of a wide variety of boats, the text is long. Without the appendices there are 183 pages, but the type is small and it is jam-packed with detail. Whether you are a longtime enthusiast or just have a casual curiosity, you are sure to learn a lot from this book and I highly recommend it.

(Boyd Mefferd has been in the antique boat restoration business for over 30 years, operating as Boyd's Boats in Canton, Connecticut.—Ed)



## Columbia Trading Co.

**Nautical Books & Artifacts**

Free Mail Order Book Catalog • On-line Shopping  
Cape Cod Store Open Year 'Round

**We Buy Maritime and Naval Book Collections**

1022 Main St. (Route 6A), West Barnstable, MA 02668  
508-362-1500 • Fax: 508-362-1550  
info@columbiatradings.com

www.columbiatradings.com



On the ways in 1927.



Home to stay in 1990.

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum will hold a special four-part symposium in recognition of the 20th anniversary of the return of the *Evelina M. Goulart*, a rare transitional dragger built at the A.D. Story Shipyard in Essex, Massachusetts, in 1927. The dragger, returned in 1990, is one of seven remaining Essex-built schooners in existence and has now been on exhibit at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum for longer than most of her sisters survived at sea. The symposium, open to the public, will discuss the *Evelina M. Goulart* in context with New England's celebrated fishing trade, the community of volunteers who brought her home, and the role of historical artifacts held by museums devoted to interpreting history.

This symposium brings together maritime experts, historians, master shipwrights, and many Essex Shipbuilding Museum volunteers, past and present, to tell stories that will place this long-lived schooner in context. The *Evelina M. Goulart* fished out of Gloucester and New Bedford from 1927 until about 1981, when she was damaged by Hurricane Gloria, limped back to Fairhaven Harbor, and eventually sank at her dock. The Essex Shipbuilding Museum accepted the vessel as a gift from Captain Bob Douglas, who had raised the boat from the bottom and had it towed back to Essex, in 1990. Using the *Evelina M. Goulart* as an example, this symposium investigates the importance of keeping history alive and the role of historical artifacts in the preservation and interpretation of history.

The *Goulart* is a very unique 90-ton historical artifact. "She survived two hurricanes at sea and she has great stories to tell to shipwrights, to visitors, and to all our visiting students. The *Evelina M. Goulart* is a testament to the thousands of two-masted wooden fishing schooners launched from the Essex shipyards. Essex holds the world record for building schooners of this type. This Symposium will relive all the people she has touched, the fishermen, the community that returned her to the site where she was built, and to historians, and anyone interested in boats, restoration, and the region."

## Return of the *Evelina M. Goulart* Essex Shipbuilding Museum Hosts Symposium

By Barry O'Brien

Each Symposium program will feature a lecture or panel discussion, followed by an informal get-together over coffee and snacks. The Symposium will take place at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Waterline Center at 66 Main Street in Essex, Massachusetts, on the following dates:

Thursday, March 4, 7pm: "The Story of *Evelina M. Goulart*, its History and Place in the Northeast Fishing Industry." Speakers: Author and Historian John Morris, PhD, and Justin Demetri, author and lead docent for the Museum. (*Editor Comments: This article arrived too late to appear in the March issue.*)

Thursday, April 1, 7pm: "The *Evelina M. Goulart* Comes Home." Short documentary by Paul Van Ness. Speakers: Peter Souza, Brian Duffy, and Kathy Groh Freuhauf, who, along with scores of other volunteers, brought the *Goulart* back to Essex.

Thursday, April 29, 7pm: "Interpreting the *Evelina M. Goulart*." This session will open with "A Tour of the *Evelina M. Goulart* (1997)," a short museum film by Barry O'Brien, followed by a panel discussion with David Brown, activist; Harold Burnham, shipwright; and Leslie Moore, architect.

Thursday, May 27, 7pm: "The Role of Preservation and the *Evelina M. Goulart*." This session will open with "An Assessment of the State of the *Evelina M. Goulart* (2009)," a short museum film by Barry O'Brien, followed by presentations by Erik Ronnberg, Jr, historian; and Dana C. Hewson, VP Watercraft Preservation and Programs at Mystic Seaport.

Admission for attending a single session of the *Evelina M. Goulart* Symposium is \$10, or \$25 to attend all four sessions.

Contributions to support the mission of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum are gratefully accepted. Space is limited, please sign up online at [www.essexshipbuildingmuseum.org/events4.html#eg](http://www.essexshipbuildingmuseum.org/events4.html#eg). For more information about the Symposium, call Barry B. O'Brien at (617) 967-1227. For more information about the Museum, please contact the museum's main office at (978) 768-7541.

## About the Essex Shipbuilding Museum

Established in 1976, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum is dedicated to the history of the wooden shipbuilding industry, an integral part of the economy and culture in New England and the United States since the 1630s. It maintains one of the best maritime collections in the region, along with one of the last intact American fishing schooners, the *Evelina M. Goulart*, currently being preserved and documented. Located in the heart of Essex, Massachusetts, the Museum is adjacent to an acre of land set aside in 1668 "for a yard to build vessels and employing workmen for this end" and is integral to the town's historic character, scenic vista, and central river basin.

The Museum features building tools, photographs, documents, and exhibits portraying the shipbuilding industry. Museum projects have built or interpreted schooners, Chebacco boats, sailing lighters, dories, and privateers. The *Lewis H. Story*, flagship of the Museum, was built on the site in 1998 and is often seen at the Museum or at maritime events throughout New England.

The Mission of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum is to provide a center for education, preservation, and study of traditional Essex shipbuilding and the community that supported it. We value the skills, creativity, learning abilities, and connectedness to their environment of the Essex shipbuilders, and we believe that building a clear understanding and appreciation of their unique craftsmanship serves as a valuable model for us today.

Underwater in Fairhaven 1990.



Risen from the deep.



Under cover today in Essex.





My Ol' Gent used to say, "Everything comes in threes." I think he was right. I don't think he knew just how prophetic he was though!

It all started when Linda and I took our mini tugboat *Atlantic Hunter* out for the 2008 boating season's first cruise. The boat is a Berkeley Eastman-designed Candu E-Z 14 with some superficial exterior modifications; full, working steel "H" bits and staples, as well as a lavishly-paneled interior trimmed with mahogany and teak salvaged from powerboats of another era. Power is from a new Kubota 22hp, three-cylinder Diesel engine turning a 13"x13" wheel against a barn door rudder. The double "beard" bow pudding and eight appropriately-sized tires along each gun'l add the requisite character. Heavily built at 3,500lbs of wood and fiberglass, she may not be fast, but she can move a wall of water when the throttle is "all ahead."

It was an uneventful launch from the Brighton ramp on the Charles River in Boston. Then about a half-mile downriver a warning buzzer rudely started blaring. After shutting everything down and doing the preliminary trouble shooting, I discovered that the water column from the seacock intake to the engine pump had been broken. No water! No cooling! Making headway speed, I managed to keep the engine temperature within operating range by manually pouring water from a sacrificed coffee cup directly into the expansion tank, and after two bridges and a very long hour we got back to the ramp area. We were done for the day before we got started!

It was later determined, once back on land, that the engine water pump impeller had taken a set over the winter and wasn't pulling water. The plumbing possibly could have lost the column while bouncing on the finely-maintained Massachusetts roadways and the deformed impeller was too weak to re-establish it.

After deciding that the impeller was the most likely problem, I further discovered that I couldn't get the required replacement part anywhere locally or in a timely fashion from anywhere else. Bryon, the Diesel engine guru, came to the rescue with one that "happened to be right in the top drawer" in one of his eclectic collection of storage facilities, the content of which is known only to himself.

During the course of the work week (someone has to pay for all this fun), I replaced the part in question and planned to test it again at the Brighton launch ramp before the weekend. My thought was to simply float the boat while leaving it attached to

## Our Last Voyage in the Mini-Tugboat *Atlantic Hunter*

By Ben Grudinskas Sr.

the trailer, just getting the intake grate in the water. All engine functions checked out OK. While working in the area over the tongue of the attached trailer at the ramp, I slipped on the ramp slime, got one leg bent around the tongue of the trailer, and fell into the Charles River. Backwards! Scary, isn't it! It was early morning and no one was around so the only thing hurt was my pride, topped with a heap of embarrassment and self-chastisement. While completing my extraction from the trailer tongue with totally soaked clothes and no convenient change onboard, I heard a strange (to me) sound. The strange beeping was my soaked cell phone complaining loudly about the unexpected early morning swim.

After securing the boat to the trailer, I drove directly home, still wet. There would be no stopping for a celebratory breakfast this morning. But the sea trial was successful, the overheating problem had been rectified! I had heard that I could dry out some electronic equipment items in the oven after accidentally getting them wet, so I dried the phone by placing it in the microwave oven for a few seconds at a time. It worked! So, if a little heat worked, maybe a safety heat-up would just make things 101%. NOT! Sparring the reader embarrassing details, I cooked both the phone and the battery. It was only for a few extra seconds. My new phone has so many upgraded features...

Now that the engine was pulling water, we decided that we were going to attend the July Fourth fireworks on the Charles River Esplanade and enjoy an onboard overnighter. Considering the season's start, I figured it would be prudent to upgrade my towing insurance. You never can tell when you'll need something like that. My intent was to upgrade at least one level, but it seems that, with the company with whom I'm insured, once I'd established a basic policy, the only upgrade available online was to the highest level that the company provides. FINE!

As it turned out, the weather was predicted to be too iffy for Saturday, July 5, the day after the fireworks (after a night on the boat we had planned to pass through the locks into Boston Harbor, steam over to *Luna*

(an historic Diesel-electric, wood-hulled tug preserved through the efforts of volunteer tugboat enthusiasts) at Fitzgerald's Shipyard in Chelsea and then putt around the harbor proper), so we didn't launch for the festivities. You guessed it! The weather was the best we'd had up to that date that spring. I now have the boat covered with maximum tow insurance. While it's berthed. On its trailer.

Fair weather (i.e., not raining) and work schedules finally coincided on July 13 and the First Mate and I were off for a little R&R. The only access to the Charles River for larger trailerable boats is a ramp in Brighton. It has limited trailer parking spaces so we left early to be able to find a space to park both the truck and the trailer without raising the ire of the nearby local State Police detachment that isn't known for its sense of humor. Got there with a few spaces left, launched without incident, parked legally, and we were ready to go.

I took my sandals off to prevent my getting tangled up in the trailer tongue and falling again, removed and stowed my brand new cell phone with all of its upgraded features, got the boat off the trailer and moved it over to the dock. When I got back to the truck I couldn't find one of my sandals. A rower's wave (if you can imagine the tsunami) had washed up the ramp surface and floated one sandal out onto the river. I spotted it across the river in a gaggle of ducks. I think they adopted it. No problem, we knew where it was.

Recently a floating dock arrangement had been added adjacent to the ramp. After I parked the truck and moved the boat to the far end of the dock, because I'm a good neighbor, I observed that part of the float was a wooden surface which looked awfully slimy, but someone had thoughtfully nailed an asphalt roofing shingle down to get some traction. I'll walk there! It was worse than the bare wood. I slipped on the slime covered asphalt shingle (I swear it only looked wet to me), lunged forward, and came down square on the tip of my right big toe. One single toe isn't meant to take the full kinetic load of 178 pounds. Even a ballerina has supportive shoes. It's broken. It's swelling and it's painful. No problem.

On the bright side, all systems checked out and we maneuvered off the dock. Almost forgot the sandal! Sandal is retrieved. The ducks weren't happy about the separation, but the sandal won't remember any trauma. All is well.

Passing under the Weeks Bridge, we observed that there was a fleet of something or





other type row boats racing. The head guy with a loud hailer was saying something. I thought it was words of encouragement to his minions! Linda noticed him looking our way before I even considered the audacity of being told, "We're running races and you can't go through until we're done here." Oh, is that right? Since when does any club or group have the authority to simply close down a navigable body of water for their own purpose? Are they racing from bank to bank? My boat has a max speed of 5kts, where's the threat or is it simply perceived because I use power other than sweat?

Discretion being the better part of valor (I spotted an EPA Marine Officer lurking under the next bridge), we circled around for a few minutes before we were called over and the loudspeaker guy graciously stated that we could follow the boat that had just run the last race if we wanted to. Why, thank you! Honey gets more bees than vinegar every time.

A stop at the Artesani Park platform (the most unfriendly tie-up on the river) for pictures was necessary. As captain, I never get to see the boat in motion. Linda operates the boat well and I was able to get some very nice motion shots of the biggest little tug on the river. Little did we know what a great and timely decision that would turn out to be!

We decided to make a pit stop at the Cambridgeside Galleria before venturing out into Boston Harbor proper. After maneuvering to the quay, I secured all systems, keeping my fingers crossed that all would stay well and I wouldn't be embarrassed when it was time to cast off. While we were tied off the boat became part of the tourist attraction. Finally there was no putting it off any longer, it was time to go outside through the Gridley Locks and into Boston Harbor.

After passing through the Old Locks and just before the Gridley Locks, we had to wait 18 minutes for the Amtrak RR lift bridge to open. Don't the AMTRAK trains know we're boating today? I suppose it could have been worse if we had been delayed for the three hours (plus) when the bridge is locked down for the morning and evening commutes. The North Station train schedule is so busy during those hours that they simply don't open the bridge.

The locks were closed as we approached. As the Gridley doors opened, we noticed an old timer, first in quay, rubbing his port side against the lock fendering all the way out. His wife was looking very nervous. Is it somehow her fault that the steering doesn't seem to want to respond to starboard? It appeared that he was having trouble handling the boat. We entered the lock (outbound) starboard side to (which was the old timer's port side a minute ago) and all is well. We actually look like we know what we're doing on this unpretentious little tug boat.

For now.

Harborside wind was blowing 25/30 knots. But *Atlantic Hunter* took the bone in her teeth and we busted through the chop with ease. She may not be fast, but she has undeniable power derived from that Diesel deep in her bilge (well, maybe not too deep). Our first destination was to cross the channel, in the shadow of the Tobin Bridge, to the Chelsea side of the harbor to Fitzgerald's Shipyard where the grand old lady *Luna* is berthed. This will be a first visit for Linda. As I approached Fitzgerald's yard, the wind was from the stern, we're working to a short pier at the headwall supported with major riprap,

a few deadheads, unknown depth, and minimum (no, make that "non-existent") steering in reverse. No problem!

I brought *Atlantic Hunter* in starboard side along the work dock next to *Luna*. As I maneuvered close in using the prop wash, Linda hooked a cleat, we made fast, looking good! I gingerly jumped out (no sandals on my feet, they're still on the after-deck after their retrieval from their adopted family of ducks) and hit the support dock at its worst. A sliver the size of a #2 pencil found its way deep into the ball of my left foot. Now I was walking around on the outsides of both feet looking like a sailor three sheets to the wind. I pulled it out and realized an infection was imminent. Who knows what was on that surface since Columbus last visited?

No problem, I'm going to introduce Linda to *Luna*. Everything is everywhere (two weeks later it was all shipshape and Bristol, but that's another story). As usual, under any circumstance, *Luna* was impressive in her elegance.

Now that it was time to leave, the onshore wind required a plan. Plan A was to have Linda start the Diesel, I'd manually turn the boat 180 degrees to prevent the wind from driving the boat forward (because of no mentionable reverse steering ability) onto the riprap, then I'd walk it to the outer end of the raft/pier, jump in, and head to sea, or something like that!

Plan A was working well, the boat warped 180 degrees around her bow with the help of lines leading from both sides of the rear staple, I was on the pier and bent over to lean on the port window to double check our plan with the skipper. As luck would have it, the boat bobbed, the raft weaved, and I sliced my forehead on the thin metal window awning I had so cleverly installed to take the rain away from the slanted windows. At this point it didn't matter. We laughed because it was so absurd. (The scar is almost gone, you won't even notice it in a year or two.)

We got away as planned and were off to take some pictures of *Atlantic Hunter's* big brothers and sisters docked in "Eastie" before we went back over to the Boston side to cruise the waterfront and let all the landlocked personages wish they were us. By now we have our salty look perfected. The wind was blowing 25/30 up the channel with the appropriate surface conditions. Hey, we can handle this. We're a TUGBOAT.

After we completed the Boston waterfront tour it was time to head back in and home. It had been another adventure with my lady Linda. Luck was with us and it was only a few minutes' waiting time to get into the locks. We got inside the port lock and on the starboard side (inbound) again. As more boats were coming in, we now see the problem the old man was having earlier. The 25/30 winds were whipping over the starboard side of the lock and blowing everyone onto the windward (port) wall. Exiting, they all had the same problem that the old timer had. Everyone on the starboard wall waited until the port wall was clear and then moved out quickly before getting pushed across the lock and jammed against the portside fendering all the way out.

The Amtrak RR bridge was down again but the wait wasn't as long as earlier (these commuter people should consider walking). We stopped at the Cambridgeside Galleria again before the long haul upriver into the gale (remember this is a 14' boat and it seemed like

more than a gale was blowing) coming right down the middle of the river. No sooner had we cleared the Galleria bridge, with Linda at the controls while I was putting up the VHF radio antenna and flags, when the skipper calmly relayed that there was an alarm going off. It's the temperature again.

What to do! What to do! Drop anchor in the Charles and hope it grabs the toxic slime without the rode being eaten before getting blown down onto the Longfellow Bridge? Not an option! Shut down on the choppy basin without dropping the hook and try to figure what went wrong while drifting, before getting blown down onto the Longfellow Bridge? Still not an option! (There's a pattern developing here, the bridge keeps getting in the way.)

Scanning both shores for options, I could see a dock (newly planked) at the Esplanade. I made the command decision to head for that while the engine temperature was still moderate. Slowly (there was not much choice heading into the wind). When we were almost up to the Esplanade I spotted another dock that was closer. We decided to go there before the engine got dangerously overheated. The boat was now inside the Emerald Necklace and tied off to the people's lounging dock (we were experiencing a maritime emergency). This sheltered calm water was just what I needed to allow me to evaluate the situation.

After investigating all the obvious possible problems and not finding one, I had to go to the last resort and take the front panel off the engine compartment inside the pilot-house. Once the engine water pump cover plate was removed, it was easy to see that the impeller's six vanes were all sheared off and sitting in the bottom of the housing (that's right, ALL SIX VANES!) It must have been perished old rubber from Bryon's top drawer that did me in. Luckily, it didn't happen outside in the main harbor.

No problem. I have the tow insurance that was upgraded to max whether I wanted it or not. What a smart move on the Captain's part. It's VHF radio time. Not quite "MAY-DAY" but a little assistance would be appropriate. I called Boat US, informed them that the boat was disabled but now tied off, all souls safe, and there was nothing I could do for myself. I was told they would be able to take care of us but would have to change out their boat for a smaller one in order to get me back the 11 miles up the Charles River to the Brighton ramp and my trailer.

I was asked my location and informed them that we were tied up at the Boston Pops Orchestra Esplanade, under the Howitzer by Fiedler's Head (a sculpture of Arthur Fiedler, the late Pops conductor, not a point of land on the river). Shortly they radioed back that they now had a boat on the river and again asked what was my location? We were still at the Esplanade, under the Howitzer, by Fiedler's Head. No problem. We were requested to "go to telephone mode" and that the responding boat captain will contact me directly.

It was now about 1645 hours. What follows is a brief transcript of what then transpired:

The captain called and asked, "Where are you?"

AH: "At the Esplanade, under the Howitzer by Fiedler's Head" (is my phone with all its upgraded features working?).

His reply was, "Where's that?" (there was a dark feeling of "we may be in trouble here"). Is there anyone reading this who is fa-

miliar with Boston who doesn't know where the Esplanade is? What the Howitzer is? Or what Fiedler's Head is?

I questioned his reply and he responded that he was from Rhode Island, filling in for a friend. Oh!

Boat US: "Are you near the Charles River Yacht Club (CRYC)?"

AH: "I have no idea what club is called what."

Boat US: "I've got directions and will eta 15/20 minutes." (Someone in the background seems to be coaching him.)

AH: "Great."

Twenty minutes later:

Boat US: "...passing under the Weeks Bridge now." That's miles from where we were tied off.

Ten minutes later:

Boat US: "Any beer on board?"

AH: "Gatorade and water only."

Shortly thereafter:

Boat US: "Any liquor on board?"

AH: "Stowed supplies haven't changed."

About one hour later:

Boat US: Where are you located near the mall?

AH: "What mall?"

Boat US: "The one on the starboard bank".

AH: "There is no mall on the river from the ramp in Watertown to the harbor."

Boat US: "OK, I'll find you."

By now everyone is off of the water, the teaching sailboats are secured, moonstruck lovers are out and about, and the boating center has closed (including the mens' room).

Boat US: "Where are you near the waterfall?" Suddenly an alarm rings in the background with the tow captain cursing. "I'm jammed under the bridge," then "I'm stuck in shallow water. My boss told me not to listen to anything you had to say. I'll call back."

Apparently he's at the Watertown Dam. He went all the way up the river (past the launch ramp in Brighton) to areas that I've never been to and I've been on the river for over 25 years. Anything above the Dam is only rowable for all practical purposes. He finally figured it out and said he will come back downriver. There doesn't seem to be any choice from my experience on the river, but I'm always willing to learn something new.

I gave him local knowledge of the bridge landmarks. When he got to the Mass Ave bridge I informed him, "we're on the outbound STARBOARD side of the channel." He replied, "I've got my lights on." When I finally saw the only moving boat on the PORT side of the channel, I hailed it, and it was HIM! He's at the CRYC. (Charles River Yacht Club). He was five minutes away from us, across the river, when I called him at 1630 hours.

He finally got to us and unceremoniously threw me a line with a bridle made up at the end.

AH: "How do you want it rigged?"

Boat US: "You're the boat, do what you want."

OK! That turned out to be in my favor. I ran it through the forward staple (this IS a tugboat, after all) and down either side of the pilothouse to cleats on the back corners of the house. Hardly did we know we were going to find out it's a good thing *Atlantic Hunter* is stoutly constructed. When I told him that the lines were made up, he accelerated like Mario Andretti in an offshore cigarette boat and my boat began yawing violently (because of the flat bottom and plumb sides) while trying to fall in behind him. He finally realized that all was not well aft, pulled up, and shouted "put your rudder amidships." It was amidships but it ain't gonna make a difference.

He accelerated again. And *Atlantic Hunter* was again yawing in the opposing direction. While trying to maintain some sort of steerage on our boat, First Mate and novice boater Linda stated, "You don't work this hard when the motor is running." *Atlantic Hunter* was yawing violently. Exercising preferred tugboat procedure, I angled the tow off to one side of the speeding towboat which helped it track better, but, she was down by the bow.

However, the Boat US pilot did not stay to one side of the channel. Maintaining a steady pull, he kept maneuvering from one bank to the other, each time throwing my boat over in the opposite direction. He actually broke the bracket of his motor protection hardware that is designed to allow the tow line to slide over the outboards.

Boat US: "I noticed a shallow spot on the way back out earlier, where is that?"

AH: "On the port side of the channel, clearly marked, maintain your position on this side of the river."

He then inexplicably instituted a violent move to port and *Atlantic Hunter* rolled violently and almost went under. Through fast work on the steering wheel and a large rudder under her bottom, I managed to get *Atlantic Hunter* straightened out and back on course!

Linda: "This not fun anymore." I fully agreed. With everything that we had experienced up to this point, this was the first time that I was not comfortable with this trip. We finally made it under the last bridge before the launch ramp. The towboat pilot landed us hard on dock, port side to, handed me the required papers, hastily took back his tow line and bridle, and disappeared into the night.

It was now 2330 hours, and it was GOOD TO BE HERE!

No time to stop for something to eat on the trip home tonight. It was a good thing we stopped at the Galleria and used the facilities before heading upriver. Not even a drive-through would be open this late on a Sunday night. We agreed on a plan of action that would get the boat on the trailer, offload

the gear from the boat under the parking lot lights, and not have to deal with it when we got home. At this hour there was no one in the lot except us.

I slid the trailer into the river on a single pass. Nice and level. BUT the trailer wheels fell off the edge of the concrete apron which is my worst nightmare regarding this whole rig. I had it happen once before with the 272 LS Formula. It was not an easy task to refloat the trailer under that boat (read "lift the trailer off the bottom" using anchors as grappling hooks), loosely secure the boat and trailer together, and then manage to drive the combination up and off the ramp.

It's too late for that now. It's going to be the same pulling problem with this small boat on or off the trailer. In a perfect world, the trailer should be attached to the bottom of the boat to relieve this type of problem, but who said we were having a perfect day? I maneuvered the boat over to and through the sunken guide bars and hand winched her onto the trailer. I managed to drive the rig up the ramp without a problem (thank you, Mr Dodge, for the five-speed manual transmission, four-wheel drive low range, and don't forget those folks over at Cummins Diesel). The trailer shackles did not catch the edge of the apron. Just luck or worn concrete, I didn't care at this point. I backed the dripping rig under the single pole light to offload.

Linda knocked on the passenger window and said, "I don't want to tell you this but the right trailer tire is flat. FLAT? It's beyond flat. It's off the rim bead! I could not re-inflate it. A possibility was that I popped the bead when coming back up over the edge of the concrete ramp apron. I didn't "power load" the boat.

The spare tire was in fine shape to do its intended purpose, but the hydraulic jack was too short. I "found" (read "appropriated" if you prefer, but I'm sticking to "found") wood from the rowing facility construction site to get the task done. All is well.

We did a "GO HOME, do not stop for any drive-through, stop sign, or red light. Don't even disengage the trailer from the truck, it will be there in the morning."

When I had the tire remounted we found that tire had been slashed in the tread. THANK YOU, who ever you are! The tire was both plugged and vulcanized for safety and is still doing duty. When I went to replace the spare with the remounted tire, I found the spare was rubbing the inside of the fender and had melted the inner surface of the plastic fender to a point where the plastic was sticking to the spare's rubber. Another few miles could have resulted in a situation requiring a spare tire that I would not have had access to.

The next day, while cleaning the boat as I usually do after any use, I found water inside the boat from a leak that came through the bow eye from being under water for that 11-mile tow back up the river.

Because I have a larger tugboat currently on the ways, the boat was sold to a fellow mini-tug enthusiast from New Jersey and final arrangements were made to have the boat picked up on the following Monday. The Sunday weather forecast was for a perfect boating day. I asked Linda if she wanted to take *Atlantic Hunter* out one last time before the boat was turned over to her new owner. If looks were knives...

The whole outing included at least five sets of three. Maybe the "Ol' Gent" had something there about "things coming in threes!"



**Handy Billy 21**      Fiberglass  
Quiet  
Efficient  
Classic

Cruising Speed,  
Quiet Conversation

Special pricing on '07 Demo boats!

**Southport Island Marine**  
207-633-6009  
[www.southportislandmarine.com](http://www.southportislandmarine.com)

# A Short Single-Handed Cruise

In an Engineless Catboat

By W. R. Cheney

## Introduction

I had the Universal 30hp Diesel engine removed from my Marshall 22 catboat over the winter of 2001-02. At the same time, the propeller apertures in skeg and rudder were filled in to reduce turbulence to a minimum. This operation cost a couple of thousand hard-earned dollars as well as reducing the resale value of my boat by about another ten thousand. It was worth it. From every important standpoint, *Penelope* is now a much better boat. Getting rid of the engine is a decision I have never regretted.

It's hard to describe why this is so. It's not just that my boat is faster and more weatherly, although this is certainly a factor. She was a pretty good performer even before I removed the engine and the fat propeller, which was doing everything it could to kill her performance, but now she is truly exceptional. At a mere 22' she more than holds her own with cruising boats up to 32' and sometimes larger. Not just running or reaching either. The crews of larger more modern sloops and cutters have frequently had to bite back shock and disbelief as the "nice old character boat" ate them up to windward. I could not count the times I have seen them fire up their engines and head off in some other direction to avoid the embarrassment of being overtaken in such an apparently unequal contest.

It seems unfortunate that, even in the literature generated by enthusiasts, the catboat is generally conceded to be more of a van than a sports car, more homey than competitive. We've forgotten the days when big racing cats designed by C.C. Hanley and others swept all before them. Also seldom mentioned is the fact that the famed Herreshoff 12½ is no match for a Beetle Cat, similar in size but simpler in rig and construction and undeniably faster. Generally ignored is the fact that the cat, with its single luff right forward, is theoretically the most weatherly rig there is.

There's much more though. Without an engine, sailing becomes more of an adventure, less simple recreation. Every day on the water unfolds like a novel, full of twists and turns and with the conclusion unknown until the very end. In a world governed by wind and tide, you become more a creature of the sea and less a casual visitor. You are forced to learn useful things about your boat, the marine environment, and yourself that you would not otherwise know. And you will enjoy it all to a degree not permitted to those who remain addicted to push button instant gratification.

The following is an account of a short cruise I made in *Penelope* a couple of years after removing the engine. I hope it succeeds in showing why I like her the way she is and why I wouldn't go any other way. Maybe it will even influence some kindred soul out there to get rid of that smelly, demanding beast in the belly of his craft which is such an impediment to the true joys of sailing.



## The Cruise

Wednesday, August 16, 2006 dawns clear and crisp. In the morning I ferry supplies out to *Penelope* on her mooring off our house on City Point at the head of Burnt Coat Harbor, Swan's Island, Maine. The breeze is brisk from the northwest. We are having one of those crystal clear nor'wester days when the sea turns almost black and the leaves on the trees turn up in the wind, showing their whitish undersides.

I decide to tie in a reef before we go. I take off the sail ties and let the tanbark sail lie along the deck as I haul in the reefing lines at tack and clew. Since we are on the mooring and at our leisure, I also tie in the reef points along the sail. This last is more cosmetic than necessary. When reefing single-handed underway, we seldom have time for it.

Reef all tied in, the sail goes up. The throat and peak halyards are hauled up together until the luff is fully extended. We then belay the peak halyard and swig up the throat halyard real tight. We want a good taut luff. Then the peak is hauled on up until a pronounced vertical crease appears in the sail. After the topping lift has been eased, the crease disappears and the sail sets nicely.

The sheet is almost all the way out as it has been throughout these operations. Now we wait until, sail slatting, she falls off in the desired direction, and then we run forward, uncleat the mooring pendant and walk it back along the windward rail to the cockpit where we drop it. She forereaches slowly 'til we put the helm down, then starts off downwind.

Going down harbor we are broad reaching, almost running, so the sheet stays most of the way out and the board stays up. We run past the visiting yachts at anchor and past the Lobster Co-op, then round Hockamock Head and out into Jericho Bay. Now we head north up the bay. The board goes down and the sheet comes in. The work is upwind now.

The tide is on the ebb, so as we head up the bay we face a hard slog against both

wind and tide. *Penelope* is a powerful sailer though, and it is good to feel her fight and win her way. I help her out by avoiding the middle of the bay between Swan's and Marshall Islands where the outgoing tide runs hardest. By watching the lobster buoys closer to shore, I can see where the current weakens and use that to help her along.

An hour and change sees us down by Hat Island and parallel with the north end of Marshall. Here the plan is to hang a left and head west for Merchant's Row and Deer Isle. But now the wind falls light and I busy myself with shaking out the reef as we drift slowly back the way we have come. Reef all shaken out she drifts, sail flapping, on a glassy sea. If this keeps up the 1-2kt current will carry us back to Burnt Coat Harbor in a couple of hours. It's frustrating but the engineless sailor learns patience. We think of anchoring to save the distance made while we wait for wind but then, thrilling sight, off in the distance the water darkens perceptibly. Wind is coming. We watch the darkness spread and grow, coming closer. It's better than watching a good movie.

SSW it is now and we are off again. We are on the wind once more but one tack gets us past the Halibut Rocks and Southern Mark Island. Here we fall off and reach northwest around McGlathery Island to the snug anchorage between McGlathery and Round. These are wildly beautiful, uninhabited islands with a sad history. McGlathery was inhabited until a time in the 1800s when a diphtheria epidemic swept the area. Within a week, all 14 children residents on the island were dead and the surviving adults soon left for other shores. Sometime around then the wife of the island's earliest and leading settler committed suicide, most likely for reasons to do with these grim events. Now the island is home only to sea birds and some occasional sheep. A few gravestones, some tumbledown stone walls, and a few scraps of old iron in the woods are the only evidence of those earlier times.

As usual there are several large boats in the anchorage ranging from 35' to around 50'. As usual, *Penelope* will have to assume her role as poor relation, lone small craft among a fleet of opulent giants. Sometimes we feel nostalgic for the days before the GPS came into general use. Then visitors to these fogbound shores were considerably more rare. The boats one encountered tended to be smaller, more traditional, and frequently made out of wood. The appliance most frequently seen in action was the wood stove, not the TV, air conditioner, or microwave.

As usual, *Penelope* gets nervous glances as she sails in among the fleet, looking for a spot to drop the hook. Anchoring under sail is a practice now seldom seen in these parts and it is clear that some of our new neighbors regard it as reckless. I see our spot and close reach toward it. With a few yards to go, I let the sheet run and go forward to handle the anchor. I want the anchor to hit bottom when there is still some way on so it will set when I snub her up. I let out chain and rode, then take a turn around the mooring cleat and she digs in and starts to come around. Then it is back to the cockpit to swig up the topping lift, lower the gaff to near horizontal (a small angle here helps the sail to come down smoothly), then let go the twin halyards for throat and peak, and the gaff and sail come rushing down into the lazy jacks just as she comes into the wind. This operation goes smoothly, as it sometimes will, and we look pretty good.

All of this, if possible, is accomplished at the "schooner man's gait," which is quick because it has to be, but looks deceptively slow and deliberate, which is cool. The schooner men of old were masters at this, doing everything with an apparently insouciant ease; we can only emulate it to a degree.

Note that the way not to anchor (or pick up a mooring) would be to come right up into the wind and then go forward. First you would thereby lose the headway you need to set the hook, but worse, you would find yourself on your tiny foredeck just when the boom will want to come over. Catboats are playful things and one of their favorite games is to catch you on the foredeck and push you right overboard with the boom.

At anchor, I have time just before sunset to enjoy a glass of wine in the cockpit and study the mores and folkways of our affluent neighbors. This is only fair because I know they are studying our mores and folkways, too. When sailors are not actually sailing, much of their time is given over to enjoying the mistakes and foibles of others. There's definitely a touch of "shadenfreude" to this cockpit-borne recreation (who can say they have not been entertained by classics like the oft-repeated comedy of the choleric, wildly gesturing skipper and the flustered, confused trophy wife at anchoring time?). It's certainly not nice, but we all do it.

On this evening I get a kick out of a fellow who descends from his massive trawler yacht into his Zodiac where he spends ten minutes struggling with a balky outboard. When, sweaty and red-faced from his efforts, he finally gets her fired up, he proceeds only a few short yards to a neighboring yacht where he promptly ties up again. He could have simply drifted over there in a fraction of the time. A friend of mine once observed that many of these people have rowing machines at home, but while they will row away for hours in an exercise room, it never occurs to them to do so on the water.

Thursday, August 17: Another beautiful, bell-clear morning. The enticing smell of frying bacon drifts over a peaceful anchorage. I am experiencing considerably more fellow-feeling for my neighbors than I was the night before. If they have chosen to expend the energy and expense necessary to be here on this exquisite morning, they can't be all bad.

We are lying close to some rocks off Round Island and somewhat hemmed in by boats further out. On an early morning exploration in the dinghy, I noted that there was a lot of good water up toward the head of the anchorage. The big boats have been conservative in their anchoring practice, thus leaving a big hole up there in what is otherwise a tightly-packed harbor. I want that extra room as I sail off the anchor. However well you know your boat, sailing off the anchor in close proximity with other boats has its risks. There is a chance, however slight, that you will go off on the wrong tack with trouble and embarrassment to follow.

Noting that wind and tide are both flowing toward the open water, I simply haul up the hook and drift back to the desired spot. I have an oar ready but there is no need. I drop the hook again and prepare to make sail. *Penelope* has a short bowsprit and our main anchor rides there in a stainless steel roller on the starboard side. This is a 20lb CQR with 15' of heavy chain and 200' of nylon rode. This is a good combination for this boat, not too heavy for a single-hander to handle easily, but heavy enough to be generally reliable.

It's almost impossible to carry too many anchors though, and the prudent mariner will bring along more than are usually considered adequate. *Penelope* carries additional 15lb and 25lb CQRs, and a 25lb as well as a 35lb pound fishermen. It's not in the scope of this article to go on about it here, but I can assure the reader that they have all been more than useful at one time or another.

The chain and the rode go over the roller and back to the cockpit from whence I can haul anchor in comfort and safety. *Penelope* has no chance to play her favorite game of "send the skipper for a swim." I pull in rode until I can just feel the chain begin to lift off the bottom (it is wise to shorten up on the scope before raising sail because otherwise she is liable to sail all over the place while the sail goes up). Then, with the sheet well out, just as it is when dropping a mooring, I wait for her to slat over onto the desired tack and then quickly get in the rest of the rode and chain and we are off. During this process, getting onto and staying on the desired tack can be facilitated by backing the main in the opposite direction from that I wish to take.

Once underway and clear of our neighbors I heave to and go forward to lift the anchor onto its roller and rinse off some mud. We then proceed up between Round and Wreck Islands where we have the unusual experience of speaking with another catboat. An 18-footer, a Marshall Sanderling I think, is running down toward us from Merchant's Row. We tack over to have a word. She is manned by another single-hander and a very large black dog. I ask where they hail from but, being somewhat hard of hearing, don't get it. Somewhere south and west, anyway. I ask how the dog likes catboating and get back, "He tolerates it."

I think of my brace of English Setters and wish I could have them along, but setters are not sea dogs as several of my present pair's antecedents have proven to me

most emphatically. I think of Sherlock, a competent and athletic bird dog who became a goofy clown whenever he got anywhere near a boat. In the dinghy he would assume heroic poses reminiscent of Washington crossing the Delaware. Then, invariably, with a pathetic yelp he would contrive to fall overboard. Once rescued he would guard his wetness like a treasure until he could take it into my bunk. Sherlock was a lot of fun to have along, but an endless rainy week during which he did his best to keep everything sopping wet cost him his ticket.

Further along this same short stretch of water there is a sturdy Tahiti ketch improbably anchored in the middle of the fairway. Deep water, no shelter, a snug anchorage right around the corner... strange. A lone figure is standing somewhat disconsolately by the shrouds. "Nice boat," I say as I sail by.

"Thank you," comes back a woman's voice, a little shaky, I think. Is she in trouble, I wonder? But she has every opportunity to say something. In any case, we are by her now and she is in no apparent danger so we continue on our way. Odd though. We sail inside Farrel Island, being careful to avoid the half-tide rock which comes out a long way from Crotch, and on past Mark Island Light. I note that bearings given by compass and GPS vary by about 12 degrees here. Something to check on later (subsequent inquiries indicated that there are reported but unconfirmed magnetic anomalies in this area).

The GPS is a new addition. In younger days I always felt confident in the fog with only a compass, a patent log, and my senses. Detecting the presence of land by the sudden spicy smell of spruce or by sailing from cool air into warm was some of the best part of the sport. The sound of breaking water seemed an ample warning of rocks. It was, by the way, counterproductive to use an engine very much because I immediately lost the use of two vitally important senses, hearing and smell.

Older and more timid now, I find the GPS to be a magical thing. Like the character in the Kafka story who keeps adding new escape routes from his burrow until he realizes there are now too many ways for an enemy to get in, I have added a second GPS to my gear. What if the first one quits just when I need it most? Do I need a third? A chart plotter?

We are headed for Isleboro Harbor on Isleboro Island where a marine artist friend from Swan's Island is about to have a show of recent works. Sailing over to lend support seemed a good excuse for a cruise. The way is now clear to run up Penobscot Bay with a nice following breeze. The board has been up since shortly after I passed the Tahiti ketch and I won't need it again today. *Penelope* flies along the Deer Isle shore, past Sheep and Bald, past the Porcupines, and past Eagle Island Light. I watch a nice wooden ketch anchor off the sandy beach on Eagle Island and decide that someday I want to do the same.

On past Butter Island we go. Once home to a grand hotel, the island is deserted now, an intriguing place of grassy meadows, wooded slopes, and beautiful, curving tidal bars which are a kind of introduction to those on the incredibly lovely Barred Islands nearby. (Sadly, this description from a few years ago no longer quite fits. Somebody has built a very large house at the very top of the highest hill on Butter Island which now dominates the view for many miles around)

Our course veers slightly to the west now and we race on past Beach and Pond Is-



lands toward Hewes Point on Islesboro Island which marks Islesboro Harbor. I note that the point is easy to pick out from the Islesboro shore, even from as far away as Butter Island. At 4:30pm we drop anchor in Islesboro Harbor. This is pretty much of an open roadstead, fine in the prevailing southwesterlies but questionable in south winds and bad in those from east, southeast, northeast, and north. Thus I determine to row out a second anchor.

I like a second anchor anyway. A single anchor can fail anywhere, any time, under any conditions. A soup can, a whelk, or any of an almost infinite array of other underwater debris can lodge on the fluke or point of your anchor and spoil your day without warning. I lay the 25lb CQR with its chain in the bottom of the dinghy and drop a laundry basket with a couple of hundred feet of coiled rode inside down on top of it (more on the laundry basket system later). Then, with the bitter end of the rode made fast to *Penelope's* mooring cleat, I row out at about a 45° angle to the first anchor line and drop the new hook.

Now safely anchored, my thoughts turn to an honest single-hander's dinner, chief requirements for which are great flavor, ample quantity, and the utmost simplicity in preparation and clean-up. Take a large stainless steel pot half full of sea water. Bring to a boil on my simple Origo pressureless alcohol stove and add a good fistful of thin spaghetti or, better still, angel hair (cooks faster, saves fuel). When the pasta is two-thirds done, add fresh spinach to the pot. When the pasta is done the spinach will be also. Drain the pot into a colander held overside and add the contents to a large iron skillet in which a steak has been frying on the other burner. Swirl the pasta in the steak juices, season to taste (I won't need salt), and eat from the frying pan. The pot is already clean (ready to heat water for coffee in the morning), and the skillet will be easy to wipe out with paper towels after it has soaked in seawater overnight.

I start each cruise with several large frozen steaks which are stowed in the cool bilge. When the steaks thaw after a day or two, I soak them in soy sauce and place them in plastic containers, which go back in the bilge. I can keep beef for up to a week this way and it tastes better at the end of that time than at the beginning. Fresh vegetables like peas, beans, and spinach are good shipmates and last quite well on short voyages. Trying to keep ice on board is a more or less pointless pain in the neck. We never bother with it.

Other staples include coffee, onions, tomatoes, eggs, mayonnaise, and good olive oil in quantity. I carry store-bought bread, finding that the more bland and uninteresting the brand, the longer it seems to keep. A supply of boiled potatoes comes, too, providing daily portions of home fries for as long as they last. Finally, there are many, many cans of sardines and that indispensable sailor's friend, Spam.

Poor Spam. Surely this is one of the world's least understood and most underappreciated bounties. The Russians acknowledged that our gifts of Spam during World War II were a major factor enabling them to survive the Nazi onslaught. They would be forever grateful, they said, but why did we have to send so much? Among the few who ever actually admitted to liking the stuff are the Solomon Islanders who say it is the closest thing they can get to human flesh in these hard times. Well, I like Spam, especially on

boats. Fried Spam and eggs are a great way to start the day and a Spamburger, liberally laced with Louisiana Hot Sauce and garnished with a slice of sweet onion, is not to be dismissed lightly. Then there is spaghetti Carbonara made with finely diced, crisply fried Spam, which can be fine after a day's hard slog to windward. Finally, a mixture of scrambled eggs, fresh sautéed mussels, herbs, and diced fried Spam combines to make a dish which rises to gourmet standards. Friends of mine have found it quite wonderful until I tell them what is in it.

Friday, August 18: Another bluebird day. Bright sun and light SW breezes. A very pleasant gentleman comes rowing by, taking his morning exercise. I can tell that he likes *Penelope* and this is confirmed when he offers me the use of a private dock near his house. My benefactor later offers me an automobile tour of the island and was one of several people at Islesboro Harbor who went out of their way to be kind and helpful.

After breakfast I row ashore to check out my friend's art exhibit at the local historical society. Since the opening is scheduled for this evening, I figure my friend will be busy hanging pictures and arranging lights. But after the couple of mile walk to the site, I find that all this work has already been completed and my friend and his wife are nowhere to be found. I leave a note and walk another couple of miles to the busy island store where I buy some beautiful locally-grown spinach for future installments of the pot and skillet routine and a warm, fragrant slice of pepperoni and cheese pizza as fuel for the walk back to the boat. No sooner am I on my way when a pickup truck stops and another helpful islander insists on taking me all the way to the dock, which is more than a mile out of his way.

Back on the boat the weather radio is making dire predictions about the weather to come. Thirty knots or more out of the SE for the next couple of days. Islesboro Harbor is not where I want to be in those conditions. Uncomfortable, if not dangerous.

Leaving an anchorage can be more complicated if I have two anchors out. If the boat has swung around her anchors due to wind or tide, the rode will have become twisted around each other and getting them untangled can be time-consuming and difficult. This is one reason *Penelope's* anchor rode is all kept coiled in plastic laundry baskets. Thus when the lines are twisted I need only to take one of the baskets forward and hand it around the other line until they are no longer foul.

As mentioned previously, this system also greatly facilitates rowing out and/or retrieving second anchors. Letting go from deck works better, too, as the rode uncoils freely with never a kink or hang-up. The more usual procedure of pulling line up from below through the narrow brass fixture standard on most boats is just asking for trouble. And feeding line back down through that same hole after the anchor is up is just a boring waste of time.

A final piece of gear useful in bringing in the second anchor is my (alas, unpatented) dinghy stern roller. I go out to the anchor in the dinghy by pulling hand over hand on the rode and coiling it in the basket as it comes aboard. When I am over the anchor, I lay the rode on the transom-mounted roller, sit back on the thwart, and pull in line from a seated position in the middle of the boat. My purchase is vastly improved and I am not inviting a swamping by hang-

ing out over the transom. The roller is the bow roller from a boat trailer and can be found at any marine supplier.

Anchor up and sheet eased, we reach away from Islesboro Harbor in a 15kt SW breeze. Across the Bay lies historic Castine, central to early New England history (see the novels of Kenneth Roberts or read the descriptions in Alf Loomis's classic cruising yarn, *Ranging the Maine Coast*) and an architectural Mecca, full of classic frame structures from earlier times, all meticulously maintained. I had made a brief visit there once by car and was anxious to see it again.

*Penelope* flies across the bay in what is now a reefing breeze, but I don't reef. The distance, only six or seven miles, is so short and I am feeling lazy. Consequently we must make quite a picture with spray flying and the dinghy trying to get airborne. I notice that we are being filmed from a Hinckley yawl. I wave and they wave back enthusiastically. Soon enough we reach the slot between Nautilus and Holbrook Islands near the mouth of the Bagaduce River. Although I want to visit Castine, I don't want to spend the night in the crowded anchorage there. It can be noisy and uneasy from the considerable maritime traffic. Besides, I need clean seawater for my stainless steel pot and whatever dinner will be.

Fortunately for misanthropes and nature lovers, there are several really nice anchorages just across the river. I have chosen Holbrook Island Harbor, a well-protected and lightly used anchorage surrounded by a nature preserve. *Penelope* roars in past the can off Nautilus and finds herself once again in flat water though the wind, if anything, is still piping up. I am a bit irked to see that there is a genuine mega yacht (the kind that looks like a small ocean liner, replete with constantly running generator, uniformed crew, starlets, and a certified billionaire) anchored off Ram Island. "Go back to the Cote d'Azur where you belong!" I scream silently as we scud by. A couple of crew members wave pleasantly and I wave back.

Fortunately Holbrook Island Harbor is a large body of water and by the time I reach my chosen spot off on the eastern side, we are far enough away from the Onasis look-alike that we won't hear his generator or smell his Diesel fumes. I drop anchor off a small curving sand beach and life is not so bad after all. Gulls squabble from the nearby shore and a lone osprey wheels overhead unleashing his shrill intermittent cry. The steel pot and the skillet are ready for action, as is a bottle of good Cotes du Rhone. Tomorrow I will row the couple of miles over to Castine and try some tourism.

Sunday, August 19, dawns gray and chill. A leisurely breakfast of coffee, Spam and eggs, and bread and I am off in the dinghy, bound for the bright lights of Castine. It's a good row of a mile or two and in my new, shapely 8½' dinghy *Argos*, with good bronze oarlocks and properly-sized oars I thoroughly enjoy it. Rowing has gone out of fashion and, while it has, the available equipment has tended to become degraded, also. It's no wonder fewer and fewer people want to row when they have never had a chance to try a good rig. Plastic or pot metal oarlocks, stubby oars, and fat, ugly boats just don't make for a good time.

Arriving at Castine's town dock, I regret not having a camera to take a shot of the massed yacht tenders assembled there. It is just wall to wall Zodiac-type inflatables, each

and every one with an outboard motor. I take advantage of the only good thing about inflatables, which is that they can't scratch up your topsides, and wedge *Argos* (Odysseus's dog who, along with Penelope, awaited the hero's return) between a pair of fat rubbery craft and step onto the dock.

First stop is a bakery/delicatessen overlooking the harbor. Breakfast number two is a world class petite pain au chocolat and more good coffee. There are some really nice boats to look at out in the harbor, notable among them a graceful white Alden-designed raised deck ketch which is just coming into the docks.

I pay my bill and begin a leisurely walking tour of town where each successive architectural masterpiece is trumped by the next, all in the shade of the many towering American Elms which still survive here. Wandering past the Maine Maritime Academy, I see the Academy football team practicing on a freshly-limed field. This being Saturday, I wonder if there will be a game this afternoon, so early in the season. Watching a game would be a great way to finish off the day. I inquire back in town, but no such luck.

I'm back with *Penelope* in the early afternoon after additional stops at the bookstore and a grocery. I've bought John Vigor's account of his family's emigration from South Africa in a small yacht, and it turns out to be a good read. Previously I had read his *Twenty Small Boats That Will Take You Anywhere*, which is a must for any want to be small boat voyager, as is Stan Grayson's *Sailing Small*.

During the afternoon I take a long, low tide row around Holbrook Island Harbor, partly recreation and partly prospect-

ing to check out the western route back to East Penobscot Bay. This looks tricky on the chart because of extensive submerged rocks, which make out a long way from Ram Island, but once I have seen them at low tide, there is no problem.

Sunday, August 20: "Rain," said the forecast, and rain it is. There is a south wind predicted for 20-25 knots, exactly the wrong direction for our planned run to North Haven. It all sounds a bit rigorous and unrewarding. Like the schooner men of old we will "wait our chance." The art of engineless sailing has much to do with being smart enough to avoid beating my head against a wall. Fortunately I have the Vigor book so today will be for reading and more rowing. I try hiking some of the trails in the nature preserve but the mosquitoes are unbelievably fierce in this damp weather and I flee back to the dinghy. I won't even stop for an extensive patch of delicious Chanterelle mushrooms that I spy along the path. I would be eaten alive before I could gather even a few.

Monday, August 21: Light rain showers and a soft northwest breeze. Quite pleasant, really. We get underway at 10:30am and ghost in a southwesterly direction along the Cape Rosier shore. This is one of my favorite kinds of sailing, just ghosting along in perfect silence. The light drizzle is pleasantly cool and the shore seems shrouded in a misty, dreamlike trance. The wind dies and we drift aimlessly, still well short of Penobscot Bay. I use the oars occasionally to keep her in the middle of the channel.

An hour passes and then patience is rewarded by a steady 10 knots from the NNW. I aim *Penelope* over toward the Islesboro shore again. My goal today is Pulpit Harbor on North Haven Island which is south down the bay, but I want to sightsee along the Islesboro shore as we go. We have a pleasant run along the island, but the scenery (stately homes of the rich) is less interesting to me than if it was purely natural or if it revealed the abodes of seafarers and fishermen. Somewhere along the way, the sun breaks out and steam rises from the wet decks and my clothing.

All too soon Pulpit Rock looms ahead. We are at anchor in the snug harbor behind it by 2:00 in the afternoon. Given the time of day and the perfect breeze, I would have liked to go on down the island shore to make the always interesting passage through the Fox Island thoroughfare, but I can never come near Pulpit Harbor without paying a visit to the Oyster Man. Buried deep in the center of North Haven Island is a brackish pond where an enterprising lobsterman named Adam Campbell has started an oyster farm. The product is the equal of anything from France, the Chesapeake, or Apalachicola, and I never leave without a hundred or so of these rare treats stowed safely in the bilge (if I take the trouble to stow them with the curved side of the shell bottommost, the oysters will retain their juices and last almost forever).

My normal practice is to call Adam on the cell phone and arrange a meeting at the town dock, but my phone battery is shot and, anyway, I need white wine to go with the oysters. So I row in and walk the mile to the store where there will be both wine and a phone (lazy boaters with important shopping lists can arrange with the store to be picked up and delivered to and from that establishment). No need to phone, though. Adam is in line in front of the cash regis-

ter and I waste no time in telling him that I am suffering from something like the oyster addict's version of "cold turkey." I use the phone to call my wife on Swan's Island and tell her oysters are on their way. This is politic because it was only after I started coming home with oysters that she became reconciled to, sometimes even enthusiastic about, my frequent maritime excursions.

Tuesday, August 22: Bright sun and a cloudless sky. I row around to the narrow bight where the Cabots keep their extensive fleet. Over in one corner is an ancient Crowningshield knockabout that I visit every year. She oozes turn of the century charm and, as expected, I am charmed anew.

Underway just before 10am in about 8 knots from the southwest, we frolic down the north side of North Haven until the wind dies and we are adrift off Sheep Island. The colors here are incredibly vibrant, the island-dotted seascape beautiful, and I, for one, have no problem with just laying back with a cold beer and enjoying the sun. A half hour of calm and then the breeze picks up and builds steadily. We fly over toward Stonington on Deer Isle with a nice boost from the tide. By the time we are between Farrel and Crotch it is really blowing a lot harder than we need. I decide to tie in a reef when we get to more open water. But here the Devil comes in.

When we reach the open water I see a modern 30'+ sloop forging along under mainsail alone. We are closing fast and it is too much fun to quit now. The skipper of the sloop looks back, seems surprised to see us bearing down on him, and says something to his crew. Lo, a foresail snaps out over his deck and now he is as over-canvassed as we are. *Penelope* is raging along now and continues to gain. I am straining all of my 225lbs to hold her on course and am no longer sure that I can. Stampedes come to mind, runaway stage coaches, and the Song of the Valkyries. The GPS says that we are doing 7 1/2 knots over the ground and we should be getting little, if any, help from the current at this stage of the tide.

I'm beginning to wonder if something will break, but mostly I am consumed with the sheer kinetic joy of this, the roaring sounds and the lunging, surging, rushing motion. *Penelope* sweeps on past the other boat and we don't look back. The Valkyries continue their wild song as we leave Marshall Island to starboard, shoot up the middle of Jericho Bay, and blow into Burnt Coat Harbor like the Cannonball Express. Pulpit Harbor to Burnt Coat in four and a half hours! A new record, for sure.

Approaching the mooring I am elated and spent at the same time. Great cruise. Great race! Never used the centerboard after seeing the Tahiti ketch on day two! I am a little careless at the mooring. As we reach it we still have too much way on. The mooring trails too far astern as I cleat the pendant. I should have known *Penelope* would save one of her willful little tricks for me at the end of such a great trip. Today she will not round up nicely for the small audience ashore, but jibe around wildly in a true amateur day demonstration. Anyone who sees this will carefully hide a smirk the next time we meet. Playful, headstrong *Penelope* has done her little number and I am thoroughly humiliated. Gone is the euphoria of just moments ago.

As I furl her handsome tanbark sail, I can almost hear *Penelope* quietly snickering to herself.

## Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### Mail Orders

12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats  
29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8  
Mail Order Only

### Internet Orders

12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card  
To: [www.duckworksbs.com/media/maib](http://www.duckworksbs.com/media/maib)

No Telephone Orders Accepted

## Anest Yachts Inc

Custom Classic & Traditional Boats  
Huntington, Long Island, NY  
(516) 457-5083  
[www.AnestYachts.com](http://www.AnestYachts.com)

# Seven Summers on the *Tommy K.*

By Tomas Kurland  
The "Smoothie"

My wife Darcy and mother-in-law Sue had been trying to get me to try a "smoothie," a blended concoction of yogurt and frozen strawberries, in spite of the fact that they knew that I hated yogurt. What does this have to do with boats? Read on!

"Try it", Darcy said, to which I said, "No."

"It's good," she continued. "I swear that you can barely taste the yogurt."

"No!" I said, tightening my lips and eyeing the "Pepto Bismol"-looking goop in the glass. "No yogurt!"

After a few more rounds of "try it" and "no," I took a new tactic, humor, and yelled in the saddest Caucasian Ebonics ever, "Tommy K. don't do no yogurt!" and then added with emphasis, "Tommy K. no yo!!"

Darcy paused, looking a little stunned, but ceased forcing the "smoothie" on me. The next day, she saw Sue and my father-in-law, Ed. Her mother asked what I thought of the "smoothie" and Darcy told her that I refused to try it. Sue asked why.

Darcy shrugged her shoulders. "He said, 'Tommy K. don't do no yogurt,' and then he said, 'Tommy K. no yo.'"

Apparently Sue and Ed thought that this was absolutely hilarious, much funnier than Darcy and I had initially thought when I first said it. A day or two later they were still laughing and told Darcy that they wanted to name the boat *Tommy K.*

## The Boat

In this case "the boat" was a 1970 Cobra "Mobile Mini-Yacht II" that we had purchased for \$3,800 a few months before in late September of 2002. Sue and Ed's idea of naming it *Tommy K.* took me by surprise. My lesser concerns included the revealing of a rather embarrassing joke that I had made in the privacy of my own home as well as the potential for people to taunt me for the rest of my life with that unfortunate moniker. My larger concern was that I was what nearly all of the writers and readers of this magazine would consider "nautically challenged" (if not "nautically impaired"). While Darcy had grown up with boats, my experience was mostly limited to seeing the one on the beach at the beginning of "Gilligan's Island." I reluctantly agreed to the name but could only hope for all of our sakes that this vessel would be more seaworthy than I was. Although the *Tommy K.* was usually referred to with its full name, Ed shortened it to the *K.* early in the first season so this nickname stuck as well.

To our delight, the "Mini-Yacht" came with the original manual that offered the following description:

"Pacesetter for '70! For land and sea... the all-new Mobile Mini-Yacht II!"

For land: the new Mobile Mini-Yacht is designed for your kind of fun. This versatile 22-footer is light for easy trailering to the remotest fishing and camping spots, roomy for vacation living, and handles like a smaller cruiser when afloat. On the inside, the Mini-Yacht features a paneled and carpeted 7'x12' cabin with accommodations for four. An ice-box and toilet are standard to add full vaca-



Exterior of *Tommy K.* with the rubber ducky with the flag on top and the screened-in porch seen from the outside.

tion facilities much like a comfortable mobile home. No wonder it's the action combination for '70.

For sea: The Mobile Mini-Yacht has an all-fiberglass tri-hull and cabin which requires little upkeep. This Inca gold and taffy tint craft is fast enough for ski-towing, but smooth riding and steady at anchor with either outboard or inboard/outboard power. Why not make this Mobile Mini-Yacht your action combination for '70?"

One photo depicts the boat cruising through the water with a mentionable wake behind it. Another shows it in a camping spot surrounded by palm trees and other exotic tropical vegetation. The cabin appears rectangular with a roof extending over the forward deck, making it look like a stubby shoebox wearing a baseball hat with a flat visor. The floor plan pictured in the manual promises a "dinette" and "divan" that each "convert to sleep two." It also shows a "closet," a water closet with a "head" and a "galley," complete with a sink and two-burner stove.

## The Renovation

When we bought the boat there was no head or galley although the dinette and divan were still there. The blocky shape of the cabin shown in the pictures was accurate. The carpeting in the cabin was long gone, but some bright green "astro-turf" had been glued onto the forward deck. The "Inca gold and taffy tint" on the outside of the cabin had been whitewashed, while the inside was painted turquoise blue with gaudy striped curtains. The hull was painted battleship gray and the engine was a 90hp OMC.

The boat was moved to Sue and Ed's yard where we worked on it through the winter. By "we" I mean that Darcy, Ed, and Sue did the skilled work while I did the "grunt" work and repeated the phrase "yeah, that sounds good" a lot.

According to Sue "the hull was in very good shape and only needed paint." However, when Ed started the engine, water came out from every orifice. He had to replace all of the seals and hoses and then it needed a major tune-up.

Sue describes the rest of the boat as having been "a rotten mess," adding, "there was mold, rot, and filth all over." The astro-turf was removed with some effort and the interior was stripped down to the paneling. The divan was reworked and the cushions from the dinette became the mattress for the master berth. The floor plan was redesigned with bulkheads to separate the water closet and master berth from the galley and main salon. A new head and holding tank were installed

along with a beautiful cherry galley that Ed had made. It had a sink with a hand pump connected to a 5gal container below, but no built-in burners. Instead, we opted for some counter space and a single alcohol burner.

Outside, a small gas grill was hooked up to the right side of the aft deck. Near the grill



Interior of *Tommy K.* with galley on the left.

Interior of *Tommy K.* with galley on the right.





Interior of the *Tommy K.* with the berth on the left and the closed bi-fold doors to the water closet on the right.



Interior of the *Tommy K.* with the divan and folding table.

Interior of the *Tommy K.*, screened-in porch with two wicker chairs. One of the chairs went to the bottom of the river when the *Tommy K.* sank.



was a showerhead connected with a plastic tube to a 30gal plastic water tank attached to the top of the cabin. This tank was painted black so that the sun would warm the water. On either side of the tank were two lounging cushions for sunbathing during the day or stargazing at night.

The extended roof over the forward deck offered some shade but no protection against mosquitoes, “midgies,” and the dreaded two or three weeks of “greenhead” infestation on the river. In response, Darcy had the idea to create a porch. She and Ed constructed five trapezoidal screens that came together like giant juvenile jigsaw puzzle pieces with hooks and eyeholes to create a pest-free zone that still allowed the refreshing sea breeze to flow through. Some fresh paint all over, dark green on the hull, white with a beige horizontal stripe in the middle on the cabin, completed the boat’s transformation into a tiny floating “home away from home,” a rejuvenated piece of tastefully kitschy Americana that truly looked like no other craft on the river. In short, the *Tommy K.* seemed good to go.

### The Registration

When Darcy and I went to register the boat in Boston, we were asked what type of vessel it was. We did not know so they offered a chart with numerous drawings of sample boats so that we could find the closest match. The sample boats were all sleek and contemporary with curved aerodynamic lines that caused me to imagine that James Bond might be seated at the helm. Frankly, our boat did not look like any of them. It was not sleek or curved, but offered a quaint image of square stoic solidity. It might move, but certainly not fast enough to outrun Bond’s Cold War Russian adversaries. Our choice on the registration form was ultimately a shot in the dark, but appeared in the paperwork as a “cabin cruiser.”

### The First Launch

The launching of the *Tommy K.* got off to a rocky start. It had to be backed out of a slip at the marina with the solid wall of a bridge right behind it. The current flowing under the docks was strong and there was not much space between the back of the Mini-Yacht and the wall. Ed successfully backed it out, but it roared with a bit more power than expected. The stern was headed right toward the wall so Ed gunned the engine to back it up to the left so he could then straighten it out. It would take some swift and skillful maneuvering get us out of this pigeonhole before the boat became any more closely acquainted with that bridge.

It was at this point that we learned a vital lesson. The 30gal water tank on the top of the boat had been filled to capacity. When Ed switched from reverse to forward, the top of the *K.* tilted to the left, causing a rush of water inside of the tank to also favor that side. The power of the weight of this water caused the entire boat to suddenly lurch over as if it might topple over entirely. The clanging of hanging dishes could be heard and more than one of us yelled something like “who-ah!” Luckily, the balance of the boat was miraculously corrected by Ed right before the rushing current brought us into the wall to the right or the craft splashed into the river to the left. Needless to say, we never filled the water in the tank to capacity again before moving the houseboat.

We headed toward the *Tommy K.*’s home for that summer, and for the next six sum-

mers as well. It was a quiet and secluded area of Plum Island Sound on the Massachusetts North Shore that had as yet to be noticed by the masses of larger sportier boats that sped by in the channel and tended to conglomerate in other areas to blast music and party late into the night. For us, the houseboat was a refuge from the mayhem of everyday life. We were looking for a peaceful escape from the noise and commotion and could not have found a better spot.

The day of the launch brought us another challenge, a 300lb Dormore mooring had to be dropped at the site. The screens had not yet been put in place on the forward deck so the mooring sat on two planks laid across the bow. As we all pushed the mooring over the side to the left, the *K.* favored this side as well. As the large piece of cast steel entered the water creating a magnificent splash, the boat jerked violently back in the opposite direction to the applause of the further clanging of hanging dishes.



### Enter the Duck

A fifth inhabitant of the *Tommy K.* over the seven summers was a foot-tall rubber ducky sporting a small cloth sailor’s cap held on under its beak with a chin strap. This had been given to Darcy from Sue and Ed as a gag gift to compliment her modest collection of smaller duckys. Later it would take on a greater significance than any of us could have ever imagined.

For the first season the duck was strapped to the railing on top of the cabin of the *Tommy K.* The cap was always holding on for dear life but made it through the second season when Ed decided to leash it with a piece of rope to the mooring ball. As a precautionary measure, he created a wooden sign that he hung around its neck that read “Don’t feed me.” This joke referred back to a similar message attached to the collar of one of their past dogs that had been gaining weight by wandering their neighborhood to beg for handouts. Ed assumed that the duck would float happily next to the mooring ball, keeping us company as we sat relaxing on the forward deck porch. Unfortunately, the duck with the sign failed to stay upright and repeatedly tipped over. The cap was eventually lost.

Ed was persistent and the third season brought him a new inspiration. Why not glue the duck to the top of the mooring ball? The hope was that it would appear happy and relaxed sitting on top of the floating fluorescent



orange orb. However, Ed had still underestimated (if not entirely disregarded) all theories of equilibrium and the duck on the ball would continue to tip to the side in an even more precarious way. While it never actually got low enough to touch the water, the duck certainly did not appear to be happy or relaxed. Instead, it offered the illusion, humorous at first, of an innocent bird's supernatural ability to defy the laws of gravity by clinging for dear life to the side of a rubber sphere. The duck's wide-open eyes seemed to express more concern and fear than the manufacturer's intended friendly enthusiasm. Sue went so far as to describe the expression as, "sad and demonic" and a dark foreboding, a bad omen, began to overtake what was once a playful and euphoric artificial waterfowl.

### Time on the *Tommy K.*

Although the *K.* could theoretically sleep four, it was much more comfortable for two so Sue and Ed always took their weekends by themselves and Darcy and I would do the same. My most common description of time spent on the *Tommy K.* was "long stretches of rest and relaxation punctuated by short spurts of terror and panic."

The "rest and relaxation" part was pretty close to heaven. Once we got to the boat, we were there with none of the usual demands of "life on land" to distract us. Cradled in this floating domicile, Darcy would catch up on reading magazines and books. Sketching was another diversion. She had grown up living in her parents' renovation projects and now worked with her father in their own carpentry business. In her spare time, she would expand this passion to the creation of drawings of potential house renovations and landscaping designs. For me, the boat was one of the few places that I could totally indulge in writing for fun, which never seemed to be a priority back home. A lot of my time was spent writing a short story that I then attempted to expand into both a novel and a screenplay.

Sedentary activity would be casually interrupted with a short trip to a nearby sandbar that only appeared for a few hours around low tide. The sandbar was long and narrow enough to offer us a 45-minute walk if we went twice around the perimeter.

The "terror and panic" part was much less heavenly and varied from laughable domestic mishaps to the occasional run-in with our own mortality. An example of a "domestic mishap" occurred when Darcy and I could not light the gas grill the first night that we stayed on the *Tommy K.* alone. We called Ed on our cell phone and he said to make sure that the gas bottle was properly screwed in. As I screwed out the bottle to check, the boat tipped and the canister fell into the river and started to float away with the current. In a flash, Darcy managed to jump onto an inflatable raft and, flailing her arms through the water, miraculously retrieved the bottle before it was entirely out of reach.

Another challenge was the uneasy action of simply maneuvering inside of the tiny cabin. After several incidents of Darcy and me tripping over each other, dropping things, or being thrown hard against the light bi-fold doors of the water closet and nearly breaking them, we soon realized that it was better for us to either do chores one at a time or to do them at opposite ends of the boat.

Such episodes made me realize the importance of patience when it came to boat liv-

ing. Letting go of the clock took some self-discipline at first, but was soon replaced by a more meditative observance of the gradual rise and fall of the tide which would soon have a much greater influence over when we would choose to walk on the sandbar, take a ride on the skiff, or just chill out inside.

A darker example of "terror and panic" was the time that Darcy and I were heading out to the *Tommy K.* in our skiff and soon discovered an active lightning storm moving alongside of us over the marshland to our right which seemed to be getting closer. We sped up and raced the storm to the *K.*, managing to get our stuff and ourselves inside before the worst of it passed right over us.

Another time we were not so lucky. There was no rain or lightning but there was a fierce wind and the water was very choppy, causing our trip out to the *Tommy K.* to take almost twice as long as usual. I attempted to lighten up the mood on the way by singing the part of the "Gilligan's Island" theme that goes, "the weather started getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed! If not for the courage of the fearless crew, the *Minnow* would be lost! The *Minnow* would be lost!" However, the levity ended when we finally arrived at the *K.* We struggled to tie our skiff to the side of the houseboat because the extreme waves kept lifting us up and down. First, we would be looking down several feet on the Mini-Yacht and then we would see it looming over us in a menacing way, looking not so "mini," as if it were just about to drop on our heads. As I struggled to tie my side, I cut my hand on something and was checking to see how bad it was.

"Tie it up!" Darcy yelled above the howl of the wind.

"I cut my hand!"

"I don't care!" she screamed. "Tie it up or we're going to die! In the end, she wasn't far from wrong. When we finally tied it up, our skiff kept banging violently into the *K.* even in spite of the various bumpers that were hanging on it. We realized that even if we had managed to get into the houseboat the two vessels would continue to collide until the *K.* acquired an accidental new opening or the skiff was reduced to a pile of splinters. It was not long before we fled the scene, realizing that there was no way that we were going to be staying over that night.

At the end of the first season I was allowed to drive the *Tommy K.* back to the marina under Ed's supervision. As the *K.* was freed from the mooring, it began its lumbering journey. Darcy and Sue followed in the skiff. The houseboat went to the right so I quickly turned the steering wheel to the left. It did not seem to change direction so I continued to turn the wheel left until I could do so no further. When the bow finally started to turn left, I found that it continued to do so even after the boat had straightened out and even after I had turned the wheel all of the way to the right. It took a few more dopey deviations before I realized that a small turn of the wheel made a big difference. From behind, Sue and Darcy laughed. I imagined that the houseboat must have looked like a lost, drunken "Snuffle-up-agus."

### Crash of The *K.*

At the end of the third season, Darcy got a call from the harbormaster. A high-wind storm had caused the *Tommy K.* to drag its mooring over to a nearby mooring barge. Apparently our boat was bucking like a bron-

co against this enormous behemoth of rusted metal, cracking open the front of its bow. In retrospect, the houseboat could have easily sunk if it had been discovered any later than it was. Another worst-case scenario would have been a collision with one of the other more expensive and destructible boats moored nearby because we would have been fully responsible for their damage as well as ours. The barge that we hit was impenetrable so no damage was sustained from their end.

The repair was laborious and time-consuming and my first (and hopefully my last) experience with fiberglassing. Wearing Tyvek "Chernobyl" suits and heavy face masks, Ed and I applied layers of snotty, syrupy slime onto the bow of the boat to fill in the cracks and rebuild a section at the top that had been lost entirely. This chemical substance would eventually dry into a dense but foamy-looking stalagmite that we would then shave down to approximate the shape of the area that no longer existed. We had to go through this process several more times before the section was nearly perfectly reconstructed.

At the beginning of the next season, the 300lb Dormore mooring that had been dragged was replaced with an immovable pentagon-shaped concrete block that was 7' wide and weighed 400 pounds. Also, superstition reigned and the crashed *K.* was considered the fulfilled omen of the demonic duckie that was finally removed from the top of the mooring ball to be tied once again to the railing on top of the cabin. This was where it stayed until the sixth season when Ed had a final revelation. He cut two holes in the duck, one in the bottom and another in the top if its head. He then stuck it through a small flagpole at the very highest peak of the *Tommy K.* with a small triangular flag waving above. In spite of the duck's cruel and untimely puncturing and impaling at the hands of the impetuous Ed, it seemed to stand quite proudly at its new vantage point on top of the Mobile Mini-Yacht and we did not have to exchange unsettling glances with it anymore when we relaxed on the porch.

### The Final Season Of the *Tommy K.*

The seventh and last summer on the *Tommy K.* could barely be called a "season." The weather had been terrible through June and into the second week of July 2009, when my mother died in hospice after a valiant fight against cancer. This was followed by an ill-fated camping trip to Birch Harbor, Maine, that had been planned for the four of us six months before. While I thought that the timing was strange and I had done even less camping in my life than boating, it also seemed that it might be a good idea to get away for a few days. In this case, I was wrong. The first evening was pleasant enough but torrential rain kept us in the tents and under the tarp over the picnic table through the following two days. On the third and final night we retreated to a hotel.

On the way home we left with a sense of relief until Ed got a call on his cell phone from the same harbormaster who had called us when the *K.* had crashed into the barge. He reported that a boat had sunk in our mooring area.

"I'm pretty sure it's your boat, Ed", the Harbormaster said. "Does it have a yellow duck on the cabin top?"

"Yeah."

"Well, all I could see was the duck."

"Is the duck alright?" Proof that Ed was

not only a compassionate human being when it came to the well being of manmade mallards, but also the consummate joker even in the face of the worst of circumstances.

The ferocious wind and rain that we had endured while camping in Maine was paralleled by similar weather at home in Massachusetts. We later found out that a wind sheer had caused the *K.* to circle repeatedly until the forward mooring line tangled and became shortened. This pulled the forward deck down until water flowed in, causing the houseboat to fill up and sink.

Early the next morning we went out at low tide to the site of our sunken "Mobile Mini-Yacht II" and found that we could see a bit more than just the duck. About a quarter of the top of the cabin was showing. It was an awful sight. Tears were shed at the vision of my submerged namesake. Our fears that our belongings might be spread all over the river were averted only to find that everything was completely waterlogged inside the cabin. As stray thoughts are so often prone to pop into the mind at the very oddest of moments, I suddenly wondered quietly to myself whether my original phrase "Tommy K. no yo" should now be changed to "Tommy K. no go."

We watched from our skiff, as well as the nearby sandbar, as two divers released the mooring line and surrounded the *K.* with large empty flotation bags. As the bags were pumped up, the water was pumped out. Two hours and \$4,000 later, our houseboat popped up above the waterline. The bags were removed and the victimized vessel was towed back to the marina.

### The Cleanup

They did eventually get the engine started after flushing it many times. Except for the items that could be washed, such as clothing, linens, and dishes and, of course, the duckie, all of the other remnants of our life on the boat over the last seven years were lost to water damage. Among them were a marine radio, a boom box, a small library of books and CD's and some sketches and writings. The porch screens, that had to be ripped out by the diving team, were damaged but later able to be saved. The only object left at the site was one of two heavy wicker chairs that had fallen off of the forward deck to the bottom of the river and could not be retrieved, an offering to Neptune as a new underwater habitat for the lobsters and fish.

According to Sue, who did most of the interior cleaning, "there were tea bags stuck everywhere along with small tea candles... everything had been forced out of the cabinets and drawers and stuck to the cabin and ceiling windows... the mud in the boat was at least 4"-5" inches thick and had to be steam cleaned out." Even after this initial cleaning the mud still "collected under all the cabinets, in the drawers everywhere, every nook and cranny... all of the surfaces had to be bleached and washed... walls, floors, etc. It took me two weeks to clean up and we had to wait many weeks to let the interior dry before I started to paint." In addition, "Ed had to refit all of the cabinet doors due to the swelling." All of the electrical was shot and "would be the job of the next owner to replace." Beyond all of the obvious physical damage, Sue

adds that "we also lost our future opportunities to enjoy the *Tommy K.*" undoubtedly the biggest loss of all.

### Aftermath

While the *K.* would not be fully returned to its former glory, at least not by us, Sue and Ed had done a remarkable clean up on it and it was sold to an eager new owner with a couple of other bidders held on a waiting list. One legacy of Darcy's time on the *Tommy K.* was a design that she made for a whole new more luxurious houseboat to be built from scratch. While I had learned to never say never when it came to the dreams and visions of Darcy and her parents, I was willing to assert a strong "not right now" when it came to starting a new major project so soon. I had realized that boating is an exhilarating adventure that can envelop and change us in ways never imagined.

However, it is also an occasional trial by fire (or water, perhaps) that can force us so far out of our comfort zone that we might actually start to wonder if it is really worth it in the end. But inevitably it is worth it and as my status was raised over the seven summers on the *Tommy K.* from one of the uninitiated to one of the newly initiated boating enthusiasts, I knew that the lure of "life off land" would compel us someday to turn Darcy's design into a reality. In the meantime, I realized that I might have an idea for a new short story.

In conclusion, I walked away from this experience with only three final future demands: no *Tommy K. II*, no more rubber duckies, and I still "don't do no yogurt!"

## 5th Great Florida Small Craft Fest!

Sail, row, paddle or display your classic or traditional boat. Race or "mess about", sing sea shanties, chow down on fresh local seafood. Extend your stay for a gunk-hole trip!

Children's activities, too. Bring stuff of a nautical nature to sell at a maritime flea market. Visit our Maritime Museum and boat shop, and see the work of visiting small boat builders from near and far.

The registration fee includes free, on-site camping, an awards dinner, coffee and donuts, good times, great company and live music now and then.



**April 17, 18 & 19, 2010**  
**(Gunk-hole through the 20th)**

All in the Historic Fishing Village of Cortez, on Florida's Gulf Coast, with nearby sugar sand beaches, balmy breezes, manatees, dolphins & egrets, sunning, shelling, diving, blue skies, cotton clouds and gorgeous west coast sunsets.

Guest speaker will be Peter Vermilya former Small Craft Specialist at Mystic Seaport, who will make a presentation on the evolution of small craft types over time with particular emphasis on the sharpie and the catboat.

Contact:  
Roger.Allen@manateeclerk.com  
www.tasca.net/FGCTSCA  
Box 100, 4415 119th St. West  
Cortez, FL 34215  
Tel 941.708.6120



We had a few voyages in *Solid Waste* in her new configuration without any problems until one day when we were going fishing out by Cat Island. After going through the usual borrow the truck, fill the gas tank, provision ourselves and the boat, we launched from the ramp at Tucks Point, Marblehead, which was closer to the mouth of the harbor. As we made our way across Salem Sound the elderly outboard did not sound as sweet as we liked it to. Bear in mind that this was one of the first of the Johnson V4 engines rated at 50hp, so its age was great and its service record was unknown, in retrospect it had earned the right to a few foibles.

We proceeded to the seaward side of Cat Island and lowered the famous flying tin anchor. After a supper of sub sandwiches and beer the fishing could get our full attention, but that did not make any great difference in the attention the fish paid us. As the action was a bit slow we decided to try our luck at a different spot so we upped anchor and started the engine which had a definitely distressed note to it. It began running on three cylinders and losing power. We decided to cut short the fishing and get the boat home to investigate the ailment.

The wind was coming up a bit and we could not quite make it up onto plane. It looked like we might not make it to the ramp where we had launched, so we decided to head for Marblehead and use the ramp at the far end of the harbor as it was the closest. As we struggled along we sighted a big old Banks dory with two men in it. Now a Banks dory is a superb sea boat for the purpose it was made for, that is to carry a load in rough seas, but without a load it was quite tender and a real handful in a blow, and when light they could easily roll so that both rails slapped the water in turn as they went from side to side in the waves.

Which is just what this one was doing, but as we watched it became evident that it was in no danger of either sinking or swamping but was merely terrifying the occupants. They were yelling and waving for us to give them a tow but they had a new-looking ten-horse in a well in their boat and even though they were rolling a bit they were making steady progress. The question was, if we stopped to give them a tow who would be towing who when our motor quit, which it was threatening to do? Whoever they were, if either of them is reading this, I wish to apologize for seeming insensitive to their plight but our fate was less sure than theirs seemed to be.

So we shook our heads at them and pointed to our motor and gave it a thumbs down sign and plodded on towards the harbor. The engine continued to provide propulsion to the end of the harbor but with steadily diminishing enthusiasm. When we got to the ramp we beached the boat and DJ went ashore while I stayed with the boat to keep it from drifting away on the rising tide. Luck was with us as we had some friends in Marblehead who could be prevailed upon to give DJ a ride back to the Tucks Point ramp to retrieve the truck and trailer.

After a suitable time had passed, DJ arrived with the truck and trailer, which we backed down the ramp, which was not so much a ramp as it was the residue of a ramp in poor condition, a series of broken cement slabs tossed about by the ocean for a while. We managed to get the trailer close enough to the boat to winch it up into position which

## Adventures in *Solid Waste*

### Part 4

By Henry Szostek

left the water lapping at the rear axle and the tide rising. Not wanting to lose the boss' new pickup in the harbor, DJ put it into four-wheel drive and gave it the gas. There was much spinning of tires and roaring of motor as DJ had visions of explaining such a fiasco to the boss.

He was determined to not let that happen, so he ignored my yelling and waving as he struggled up the beach using only the front wheels, as he had forgotten to release the parking brake which locked the rear wheels. The center differential gearbox put the power to the drive shaft that could turn and so managed to claw the whole rig up onto dry ground with the rear wheels dragging and the front wheels smoking. When I pointed out the problem he released the brake and continued on up the beach much relieved.

We towed the whole mess back to my house and proceeded to investigate the ailment the motor had. First, we took out the spark plugs and inspected them. The lower right plug had a strange appearance, almost as though it had been shot peened, so we took off the cylinder head on that side. When the light of day showed the extent of the damage, it was evident that the top of the piston had been digesting the little bearing rollers from either the big end of the connecting rod or the main bearings in that cylinder, some of them had imbedded themselves in the top of the piston and others were evident at the transfer port area. Anyone familiar with the basics of a two-stroke engine, as we both were, knows that there is no need to look any further into the problem. This motor had turned its last revolution. I didn't even bother putting the head back on.

It was now time to begin the quest for another outboard motor of similar size. I thought that a new three-cylinder 70hp model would be a fine choice, but finances again came into the picture. The newer motor, I argued, used less fuel and would be a saving in the long run. But some simple math, such as halving the fuel bill divided into the amount we used in a season, resulted in the fact that we would break even about 20 years from now. So that was out. Thinking of an outboard motor as we would a car, we were in search for the old clunker in a backyard that still ran alright with quite a few miles on it, hopefully with still some left. The kind of vehicle that could be had for a nominal sum or just to get it out of the driveway.

We searched the classified ads and began haunting outboard motor shops in search of the perfect cream puff used by the little old lady only on Sundays. We actually did buy a complete motor that had been disassembled for some minor item, but after looking into the list of parts and sundries involved in the reassembly, decided to keep looking. At long last we finally wore down one sympathetic mechanic who admitted that he had a customer that he had been trying to sell a new motor to for a few seasons and that his old motor might just make it one more season if he were lucky. But it was not worth putting any more money into. Perfect for our use. The customer agreed and bought a new mo-

tor, thus releasing the old one for us to acquire. I forget the actual price but it was well within our range and the deal was made.

The new motor (new to us) was a 75hp version of the previous motor, just the same size and weight only with a larger number in the horsepower rating. We brought it home, mounted it on the transom, and hooked up the controls and gas line, and lo and behold it ran just fine, or as well as one of those rather primitive (by today's standards) two-strokes ever did. Anyone who ever fiddled with an older outboard, and happened to have occasion to run it on the trailer for just a few seconds to see if it did indeed run, and happened to put a bucket under the exhaust port in the lower unit would find that a certain amount of water came out from being left in the impeller and the lines to it, but along with that water there was a surprising amount of raw unburned gas just flowing out of the exhaust.

The porting and efficiency of those old engines was a series of compromises that resulted in a rather casual attitude towards economy when gas was still less than a dollar a gallon and environmental pollution was a term that had not yet been thought of. The first outing with the new motor was a little disappointing in that we did not go 50 percent faster due to 50 percent more power, it just went a little faster, but it did go well and that's all we needed. Ready for another adventure.

**To Be Continued**

### Are You Moving?

You may have told the  
Post Office  
but you didn't tell us.  
To assure missing no issues,  
please notify us six weeks  
in advance of your moving  
(including seasonal moves).

Mail Notification to:  
**Messing About in Boats**

29 Burley St,  
Wenham, MA 01984-1943  
Telephone (978) 774-0906  
7-10am or  
5-9pm (no machine)  
Email [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com)



**Southport 13**  
Whitehall  
Rowing Boat

**From \$3,500**

**Southport Island Marine**  
207-633-6009  
[www.southportislandmarine.com](http://www.southportislandmarine.com)



In 1973 my friend, Lad Lavicka, and I went to France on the advice of a fellow sailor in San Francisco to take a class at the renowned "Glenans Sailing School" (Centre Nautique des Glenans). In the late spring we found ourselves at Quai Louis Bleriot signing up for a two-week class to be held on Isle Cigogne in the Glenans archipelago off the Brittany coast. The weather lived up to its reputation. The winds were cold and strong but the little cutters used in this basic course were built to withstand the North Atlantic, gaff-rigged with heavy anchors and chain, stiff sail cloth, and no engines. They provided a perfect platform for learning.

Our 17th century fort proved to be a rugged, but comfortable, home during those formative weeks. Despite the numerous blisters, cuts, and bruises, we came out of the experience ready for a summer of more of same. The school directors offered us work through August and we eagerly accepted, adapting to the life of sailing boats with no engines, no winches, no windlasses. It was an Old World way that we appreciated as it taught us many tricks and techniques that would come in handy over the years of sailing we've enjoyed ever since then.

During that summer I saw Lad only every other Friday back in Concarneau, the school's base, where we enjoyed showers, drinks, and a meal of Breton crepes. It wasn't much time, but enough for us to forge a plan to head to England in the fall in search of a smart little yacht that might be willing to help us sail across the Atlantic. After we assisted with closing up the Glenans school for the year, off we went to Portsmouth to begin our search.

One of the very first boats we saw was a very sweet 33' gaff-rigged yawl by the pleasant name of *Sea Harmony*. Indeed, we were impressed. Ignorant of her distinguished pedigree, we found her lines pleasant and admired the solid construction. But, like young men looking for brides, we could hardly ask to marry the first dance partner at the ball. So off we went. Weeks later, after looking at Bristol pilot cutters, lovely sailing yachts of 1920s vintage, and a host of dilapidated old wrecks that fit the budget but weren't up to the task, we recalled *Sea Harmony*.

Alistair Easton was the broker we were working with, and he arranged for a sail. We met the owner and rowed out to *Sea Harmony* where she lay at mooring in Chichester Harbour. This time it really was love at first sight. We could legitimately "ask for her hand" and not feel like we had no idea what we might be leaving behind. After a short sail, and despite a hefty growth of algae and marine organisms on her hull which made her slow to tack, we realized she was special.

A deal was struck and all we needed was a clean survey. W. Easton arranged to have the official surveyor of the *HMS Victory* give *Sea Harmony* the once over. He also assured me that, despite her low headroom, I would adjust. After all, Captain Hardy was a man of 6'5" (as am I), and if he could manage the gun decks of the *Victory*, I would be just fine on *Sea Harmony*!

We were delighted when the surveyor pronounced her in good condition. Some money changed hands and we sailed her down Channel to Lymington for hauling, painting, re-rigging, and general repairs. Over the fall and early winter, with the help of some of the old hands at one of the boatyards in town who we hired to help splice up new rigging, we strengthened the rig, re-

## Sea Harmony To The US

By Paul Jones

Reprinted from *Jib & Mizzen*  
Journal of The Albert Strange Association



placed chocks, and made sure all was sound aloft. Hoping her designer wouldn't roll over in his grave, we added an inner forestay with a club-footed foresail, which we thought would be useful in heavy weather for heaving to, running downwind with a reefed mizzen, or using alone on a deep broad reach (and I will note that *Firefly* is so rigged as shown in plate 20 in John Leather's book).

Then, on the 9th of December with frost on the decks, we slipped out of Lymington, headed for France with interim stops planned at Dartmouth and points west. *Sea Harmony* was everything we could have hoped for and more as a strong, sea-kindly yacht. Increasingly, as we gained appreciation for Albert Strange and talked to locals who knew she was a well-found boat, we felt the need to take good care of her. Soon, this would be put to a test.

After a short but very pleasant stay in Dartmouth, we made another run at getting across the Channel. However, the weather gods were against us again. But what could we expect for December 12 in the English Channel? Winds were SW 30 and increasing, and when the steep seas encountered the strong ebb, we were in for a real drubbing. I remember seeing 15' vertical walls of green water rushing at us. *Sea Harmony*, now down to double-reefed main and staysail, plowed into them without hesitation. White and green water washed over the decks and, as if it were a message from Albert Strange himself, sent the dodger we had made for the old gal (for us, really) down to the murky bottom. It was never to be re-constructed again, and rightfully so.

Large vessels passed us that afternoon off Start Point, and we watched in awe as huge waves broke on their bows, sending tons of water up and completely over their bridges. The sun set around 1530 and it was decision time, keep slogging to the southwest in this gale or make a run for Salcombe Harbor at low water. We chose the latter, but held our collective breath as *Sea Harmony* rode a wave in over the bar. I'll never forget seeing the old-style depth sounder (remember the flashing orange dot that lit up next to

the soundings on a circular dial?) drop to less than a foot as our trusty little yacht slipped over the bar without even a tap.

From our limited perspective that was *Sea Harmony*'s first test, and perhaps ours. She did great, and while we couldn't argue with success, the jury was still out on our decision. It could have been a disaster if we hadn't timed the ride on that wave front over the bar perfectly. But more was to come. After a few days enjoying the green hills of Salcombe and listening intently to BBC weather reports, we picked a weather window. It was now December 17. There was a low offshore, but we felt we could dash on our little race horse across the Channel to Brest before the worst of it made it to Ushant.

We were mostly right. The 87nm trip across lasted 17 hours to the Chenal du Four, but the winds veered to the southwest and piped up by late afternoon. Lad and I were left with negotiating the complicated passages between the Isle d'Ouessant and La Pointe Saint-Mathieu in what was now the proverbial "teeth of a gale." Things deteriorated quickly as temperatures dropped, wind speed increased, and the currents played havoc with our tiny craft. We went to 15-minute watches as that was about all we could take from the rain, wind, and cold without wanting, if not needing, a break. Down below we'd study up for the next navigational challenge, put that in the memory banks, and crawl back into the comfort of *Sea Harmony*'s deep cockpit.

Midnight was approaching and the weather remained difficult. We started to motor-sail in an attempt to minimize leeway and stay on course through these rock-strewn waters. However, a glance down at the fuel gauge caused a near-panic reaction as we were almost out of gasoline. I went below, dug out a 5gal jerry can, and crawled onto the stern. With one arm around the mizzenmast I opened the can, attached the spout, undid the deck fitting, and inserted the can, all while trying to dodge splashes and waves that rolled across the aft deck as Lad did a great job of dodging the big ones. Luckily for us we managed to empty the can's contents into the fuel tank, so we were good for several more hours.

At last, La Pointe Saint Mathieu was abeam and we cracked off for the inner harbor of Brest. The French Coast Guard came out to ask us how we were doing. They directed us into a small vessel harbor that contained medium-sized fishing vessels. Lad put *Sea Harmony* up alongside the quay, but it was low water and I just barely managed to get a turn around the steel rung of one of the inset ladders before *Sea Harmony* was blown aft in a strong gust.

The mizzen was tangling in the fishing gear of the vessel off our stern. I strained on the bow line with all my might, but the turns came loose and I flew back only to land with my "derriere" on one of the stanchions. I can attest to its stout construction. That spot was still sore six months later when we began our trip across the Atlantic from the Canary Islands!

Lad and I recuperated in Brest for a few days before heading down coast to Concarneau for the rest of the winter. I then went to Belgium to live with my girlfriend and earn some money. Meanwhile, *Sea Harmony* was put to her third test in our care late one afternoon when Lad and his girlfriend Jan were out for a winter's day sail. Drifting on the back side of the walled City of Concarneau in a narrow channel, he looked aft to see a large



fishing vessel roaring up at him. He yelled at Jan to jump overboard and dive deep, thinking the ship was going to simply run them over. He stayed onboard and watched in horror as the bow of the fishing boat rode up on *Sea Harmony's* taffrail, took a big bite out of the chock, and then snapped the mizzen like a toothpick!

The trusty yacht warded off the giant intruder by spinning on her keel and managing to stay afloat. The fishing vessel and its deranged captain kept right on going into the inner harbor as if nothing had happened. Too bad for them that my friend Lad is tough as nails and doesn't take "no" or "no stop" for an answer. After retrieving Jan, he tied up *Sea Harmony* and set out in search of the rascal who abandoned them in the channel. Lad found the captain of the fishing boat drinking in a bar and confronted him. Soon Lad pressed charges and we eventually forced the insurance company to pay for repairs. Lad oversaw the rebuilding of the mizzen and the scarfing in of a new taffrail chock, along with rigging repairs, all of which were beautifully done with the expert help of our boatwright friends from the Centre Nautique des Glenans.

I came back from Belgium and my brother Marc flew in from the US to form the new crew of *Sea Harmony*. We shoved off on April 17, 1974, bound for Vigo, Spain. The four-day crossing of the much-dreaded Bay of Biscay was thankfully uneventful. We stayed in Vigo for a few days but were anxious to get south. The yacht club had a blackboard on which they wrote the weather forecast daily. It called for "force cinco" from the north. Perfect, we thought. I remember the secretary objecting to us wanting to leave and pointed to board, telling us that "force cinco" was "mucho viento" and "muy peligroso." Unable to understand why this lubber would be so concerned about what we thought was a jolly sailing breeze, we shoved off despite her admonitions.

All was well as *Sea Harmony* worked south in a stiff northerly wind. By nightfall, however, things began to change as the words of warning began to take on a new meaning with the increasing swell. By midnight we were once again in the teeth of a gale. I now fully appreciate what can happen when a low pressure system sitting over a continental land mass joins forces with a building high pressure system over water. The result, a horrendous dry gale, can be impressive. Off the coast in California, where I live now, I have seen it blow over 40 knots for over 72 hours in just such a weather pattern. Little did we know at the time but Spain and Portugal used a different wind scale that went from force 0-5!

*Sea Harmony's* long counter was well suited to handling large following seas. All night one 30' swell after the next came upon us as we ran down the coast under bare poles and *Sea Harmony*, once again, showed off her fine pedigree.

We made landfall near Lisbon, Portugal, at the small entry port of Cascais on April 26. Bad timing on our part as the "Carnation Revolution" of 1974 had just started on April 25 with a left-leaning coup the previous day leading off historical events. As we rowed to the shore at Cascais to clear customs, we were greeted by a soldier pointing a rifle at us. The message was clear so back to the boat we went, which started a week of waiting and arguing with officials.

After sailing down to Lisbon we were still unable to get Portuguese escudos because

all the banks were forced to close. Next, they seemed to think that we were there to smuggle out money or former government officials, neither of which would fit our neutral intentions of simply getting provisions for the next leg of our voyage and visiting the city. If anything, we would have been sympathetic to getting rid of the authoritarian leaders who ruled Portugal and its colonies with an iron fist, but they had sized us up as smugglers.

In a few days the banks re-opened, we exchanged some money, and did some shopping for our week-long trip to the Canary Islands. But they wouldn't release us. Finally we met with one of the commanders at his office, which resulted in an onboard visit from the military. After a thorough search of *Sea Harmony*, they said we could go. But when we left the harbor on May 5, a soldier threatened us again at gunpoint from atop the seawall. I quickly drew a large circle on a blank piece of paper indicating we were intending to turn around. We sailed an ever-widening circle until we decided to make a run for it. We ducked down in the cockpit and let the sheets fly. No shots were fired and we worried all the way down channel that a naval vessel would come and stop us. But we were free.

The sail to Tenerife went well. The "Portuguese Trades" were blowing and *Sea Harmony* was in fine fettle. The daily rhythm was punctuated one afternoon by what looked like a potentially catastrophic wave coming at us. From horizon to horizon, white water was rolling toward us. However, when what we thought was a freak wave was a few miles away, we suddenly realized it was a huge herd of dolphin. I now know that common dolphins form mega-herds in this part of the Atlantic and we were lucky enough to witness this phenomenon of nature, perhaps over 10,000 dolphins on the march. They swam right past us as if we didn't exist and on we sailed to the Canary Islands.

We arrived there on May 9. Poor as church mice, we sought work wherever we could get it. We painted a subchaser, Lad found some work fixing up billboards and in the end we scraped up enough to buy a short-wave receiver radio and enough basic supplies for the crossing. We left Tenerife on May 29 for the small island of El Hierro. Sailing down the west side of the island in the lee of "El Pico" the 3,718m summit (12,200') of the island, we encountered our first katabatic wind. *Sea Harmony* was almost dismasted in the violent gusts that hit us. Two years later I made the same transatlantic passage in the Tall Ships Race of 1976 and the fleet fell into the jaws of that wind again. We got out of that without any damage and made our way to El Hierro.

We did a bit of sightseeing for a few days, but then time came to weigh anchor for the crossing, which we started on June 2. Day upon lovely day of cumulus clouds, night stars like we had never seen them, and endless waves rolled on. For one entire week *Sea Harmony* ran under jib, staysail, mainsail, topsail, mizzen, and mizzen staysail and we did not touch the sheets even once. Northeast winds at 18-20 knots were the norm and all we needed to do was roughly stay on our great circle course. Foam blew off *Sea Harmony's* bow as she drove ever onward to the west. That good fun came to an end when we encountered three days of dead calms. Apart from that, our trip was notably wonderful.

I have read many accounts of rough Atlantic passages, including boats sinking in minutes after running into whales (for exam-

ple, as accounted in *Adrift* by Stephen Callahan), or other problems. Ours were few. The only incident worth noting was late one day, just past the midpoint of our crossing, I saw a flare off the port bow, followed by another and another. We conjectured over what that could be, wondered how we could take even a few poor souls, to speak not of a large number, and just what would we do if there was a large vessel sinking or sunk. It was time to turn the helm over to Lad, so we changed course directly for the flares and I turned in for a nap. When I got up we found a large passenger liner sitting dead in the water.

As we approached, the night darkness was transformed by the illumination from three large spotlights put on us and the roiling sea around us. We went stern 'round, only to find the decks full of passengers waving and toasting their drinks to us. Nice honor, but not just a little confusing. The best we could figure, the captain knew he was on a sailboat great circle route and spotted us on his radar. He set off flares to attract "the moth to the candle" and thought it would be good entertainment for his passengers to see a small boat this far out at sea. The thousands of them lining the decks cheering at us certainly seemed to enjoy it, and we were relieved that we didn't have to make any difficult choices about who to save and who to leave adrift way out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

On June 22 we spotted land as the island of Barbados appeared just as the celestial navigation predicted in mid-afternoon. Anchor dropped at 2230 that evening giving us a run of 21 days and 15 hours over 2,490 miles. This is a 4.8kt average. If we hadn't sat for 72 hours in flat calms we might have averaged 5.6 knots. Not too shabby for a little ship of 25' LWL. We rowed in that night to shore without clearing customs or immigration or quarantine and found an open bar. We had a few beers and staggered back to our boat snug at anchor. Three hours apart, both Lad and I ended up getting up in the middle of the night like sleep-walkers to stand a watch. We grabbed the secured tiller in utter panic, tried moving it back and forth at the sight of lights and land and shore-break dead ahead, only to wake up and realize that we had made it.

## New England Small Craft Clearance Sale

**Lug Rig for Seapearl**, main or S.P. motor sailer, gold sail, spruce spars, little use, classic rig for 15'-17' boat. \$750

**Sail Rig**, sliding gunter, 70sf on alum spars, looks like older Cape Dory 14 rig, good for 12'-15' skiff or pulling boat. \$250

**Alum Trailex Trailer**, for 6 canoes or up to 18 kayaks. \$1,750

**Like New Tohatsu 2.5hp O/B  
Hobie 16 Motor Moun**  
\$175

**New England Small Craft  
Rowley, MA  
978-948-6118**

It's a pretty steady climb up I-5 from Lake Shasta to the junction with 97 in Weed. Then it starts getting steep. Mount Shasta typically plays peek-a-boo as the lone driver steals a glimpse now and then off through the other peaks and through the clouds. Other than a beautiful valley that holds the National Grassland in the Meiss Lake area, the road just seems to keep climbing, and climbing. Things finally level out near the pizza and gas station metropolis of Chemult. And, then signs of civilization finally begin to reassert themselves as Crescent and LaPine pop into view. But, all in all, the high plateau of central Oregon is largely wilderness and quite beautiful.

As we entered Crescent, Oregon, it was already dark. *Lady Bug* had followed me for about a thousand miles from her home waters of San Diego Bay. We had been sailing all of twice in that distance, once for less than an hour in Oxnard, California, once for a couple days at Lake Shasta. But the heat of inland California was finally astern. The congestion and competitiveness of the interstate highway was astern, as well. *Big Ole*, my aging Chevy van, had pulled the entire wagon train with admirable grace. He was loaded heavily with camping gear, canned goods, water, spare parts, tools, and the miscellany of an extended road trip. *Lady Bug* and her trailer were pretty heavily laden as well. We had spares and redundancy to spare. We were packed for whatever we might encounter, more or less.

I had already decided that trailer brakes would have been real nice to have. And, a functioning air conditioner would have made burning the past five tanks of gasoline a great deal more enjoyable. Other than these, my little wagon train was doing just fine. Time to find a place to spend the night, and start looking for puddles to splash the boat into.

I discovered an absolutely delightful little RV park on the outskirts of Crescent, Oregon. Actually, it's hard to distinguish where the outskirts of a place the size and population of Crescent actually are. But, the owners met me at the gate. It was about 2100 (9pm) and I'll say it was a very pleasant surprise to actually have somebody direct me to my parking place. Typically, the most one can hope for is a box to put the money in at that hour. When I left Lake Shasta earlier that day it was doing a pretty good imitation of a 90 degree day. As I dismounted there in Crescent, Bruce, the owner said, "OK, first off, you need to get out of those damn short pants.

The sign said there's a ramp up ahead someplace.



## Boats Really Don't Make Sense

### You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water

#### Part 3

By Dan Rogers

"It's gonna freeze tonight!" Wow. After all that whining about heat on all those hot freeway miles, I was reminded that I'd better watch out what I ask for, I just might get it.

I woke up the next morning with ice on the van windows. I dug out a jacket and climbed up into *Lady Bug's* cabin. A workable galley in the van was still only on the wish list. So, *Lady Bug* does double duty as a home away from the launch ramp, and one on the trailer as well. The fold-up companionway hatch serves as a fine stand-at table. Often it's hard to beat the view from up there while I heat my instant oatmeal and instant coffee on the swing stove. And, I for one, never seem to get tired of the smell and general clean feeling I get when the first rays of sunlight hit the evergreens on a summer morning. It's a bit hard to explain, but that old Boy Scout ditty says it pretty well: "I wanna' wake up in the mountains, with the sox a dryin' and the bacon a fryin'..." Even if I don't have wet sox, and live with non-refrigerated foodstuffs, waking up in the mountains is pretty special.

Crescent is the southern gateway to the Cascade Lakes region. There is a pond, puddle, or larger impoundment for every taste. Having just left the heat of California, it was a bit of a shock to see rather large piles of snow along the roadway as I gained a little altitude from highway 97. I investigated four or five of the lakes over the next several days. You guessed it, we were the only sailboat. Again, I launched the little roto-molded dinghy that I had carried on *Big Ole's* roof all the way from home. As I sat in the bottom of that little cockleshell, I couldn't get over how cold my backside got after about 30 minutes

It's a pretty place.



Nice day for a sail. The water is barely above freezing.

of sailing around on Crescent Lake. Then, I remembered the snow along the road. The lake itself must not have been ice-free for all that long. Mostly, people fish these lakes. Actually, other than little *Paint Bucket*, the dinghy and *Lady Bug*, ALL the boats were engaged in fishing.

We camped in several of the lakeside camp grounds and tested a number of launch ramps. I followed a "launch ramp" sign with an arrow pointing in the appropriate direction for miles and miles and miles. I passed one vehicle, a loaded equipment hauler with a "Wide Load" sign protruding above the dust cloud. He may still be shaking his head when he tries to explain how he passed this sailboat behind a rig with California plates out on that road to nowhere. As it turned out, we transited an entire valley of dead tree trunks, the rather ghostly leavings of a fire. It was pretty spooky. Not a green blade of grass, not a green leaf. Just gray trunks, gray dust. For as far as I could see.

When we finally got to the advertised ramp, it was about ankle deep and just a dirt track that led on down to the water of an otherwise captivating lake. I was the only one there. Just miles and miles of dead trees, a useless-to-me launch ramp, and a really isolated lake. I tried to follow what should have



Not a good place to launch a sailboat.

been a shortcut out of there. My tourist map of the area that Bruce gave me back at the RV park didn't show hardly any of the roads that actually presented themselves out there in the mountains. Really more jeep country, than a place for overloaded vans towing overloaded sailboats. But, anything that doesn't kill you outright is an adventure. Right?

We stumbled our way up to Odell Lake. Really beautiful. The dirt launch ramp was on the banks of the outlet river. The water was still so high that there might have been a 10 knot current ripping past the "ramp" without service docks. The place looked like a great place to explore. Just not for a guy trying to launch a keelboat by himself. So, off we went to find the ramp on Wickiup Reservoir. But first I stumbled upon a delightful little lake that didn't allow boats with motors. For reasons that now escape me, I hurried on past. Certainly, *Paint Bucket* would have been right at home.

But, for whatever reasoning process, I was looking for a place to launch *Lady Bug*. I found just the place at Craine Prairie Lake. This place had one of the absolutely best launch ramps in the area. It's a rather shallow lake that formed with the installation of a dam years ago. When the stream's valley filled up, the trees were allowed to stand. And, they stand there to this day. I launched *Lady Bug* and attempted to find the "pass" through the snags the guy at the fishing resort told me about. As the only sailboat on the lake, I was beginning to feel like *Lady Bug* was the last sailboat left in existence, I felt honor bound to negotiate the acres and acres of snag and moss covered water under sail. I hadn't installed a depth sounder yet. And the ghostly screeching of submerged limbs and trunks against the hull never got dull.

After several miles we broke out into sort of clear water. The shoreline of the entire lake is forested and only "civilized" by a couple of fishing concessions and campgrounds. Quite primitive. Quite lovely. Quite worth the effort to launch and go sailing.

As the largest lake on my tourist map, Wickiup Reservoir still beckoned. As near as I could tell the ramp was that-a-way. The pavement turned to that sort of "corduroy" road that forms as cars spin their tires over the lug marks of the tracked equipment that plows and clears the dirt roadway. It was rather hot and quite dusty as I banged all six of our overtaxed tires for miles over this rough and sharp rock covered track. We final-



About the best ramp I found in Oregon.

ly came to a crossroad that appeared to lead "out." I'd given up on that phantom launch ramp miles and miles back. Time to try something else. At long last, we managed to get onto pavement again. Pavement led to traffic. Traffic led to highway speeds again.

I didn't hear anything. I didn't really feel anything either. But there was this godawful cloud of smoke coming from the right trailer wheel. I could see large black chunks spewing from someplace amidships on *Lady Bug's* starboard side. There were moving cars behind me. There's nothing that says, "Slow Down!!!" better to the car following than large smoking chunks of black rubber flying at the windshield. As luck would have it, there was a most impressive ditch right at the edge of the pavement, nothing that would serve as a shoulder, in normal times. But, I had to get the rig stopped before things got real ugly. I sort of made an emergency landing with the destroyed trailer wheel hanging into space at the extreme edge of the pavement. When I set up to actually jack the trailer up and change the tire, I was more or less looking at eye level to the offending wheel. A deep ditch. No shoulder, a lousy place to have to stop. I was grateful that it was on the non-traffic side, anyway.



After the first blowout.

I figure it was either the sailboat, or the California plates, or both, but NOBODY stopped to see if I was alright. As the trip progressed I stopped to help quite a few people but, it became sort of a sore point to realize that pretty much nobody stops to help any more. With one exception, nobody stopped to help me when I was in trouble. And, nobody stopped to join in, or even investigate, when I was helping others. I suppose in this era of cell phones and intensive law enforcement patrols, etc., people just assume it is not their problem. And, perhaps, it isn't. But, as far as I'm concerned; if you have trouble, and

I can help, it IS my problem. If nothing else, it's reassuring to have somebody pull over and simply say, "Are you OK?" I carry spare tires, and spare parts, and towing insurance. Most of the time, I'm gonna' figure it out on my own. But, it's still nice to have somebody stop and check on me. Know what I mean?

Anyhow, this was the beginning of a long and generally satisfactory, relationship with Les Schwab Tire Co. Les' boys replaced my shredded trailer tires every thousand miles or so after that, until we finally got enough load capacity under that heavy little boat and single axle trailer. While I may have been a bit lax up to that point, since that blow-out leaving Wickiup, a regular part of my gas stop ritual is to put my hand on each and every tire, feel for the center of the hubs in the wheel bearing area, and generally study the treads and, especially, sidewalls. Of course, the pressure gage gets a workout. It's near-impossible to pump *Ole's* (and *Quiet Quigley's*, the trailer) tires in a gas station. They all want at least 50psi. Apparently, the average gas station operator is afraid of people turning the ol' spare tire into a suicide bomb, and shuts the pressure off at about 35 psi.

So, anyhow, we tended to stop at the roadside tire shops along the way to top up. I have found that the farther from "town" and the less "plastic" the place; the nicer the people I can meet. And, since a really special part of land voyaging is the opportunity to meet new people in new places; what's the harm in playing a bit "Californian" about rim sizes and load ranges? It's a pretty stable fact of human behavior. Folks are most willing to help people (allow 'em to use their compressor) who are just not quite as bright as they are, about whatever the current topic is. And, when I tell 'em I'm "from California," why they simply fall all over themselves to help a poor misguided soul such as me. Know what I mean?

Another part of the gas-up ritual is to remember that I get distracted. With all this tire checking, windshield washing, oil checking, etc., it would be easy for a distracted senior citizen such as myself to drive off with the gas hose left in the gas filler pipe. My personal solution is pretty simple. I drop my car keys into my pocket, and then put the gas cap in the same pocket on top of the keys. I at least have to stop and wonder what that gas cap is doing in my pocket, before I get in and fire up the ol' chariot. So far, it's worked pretty good.





Central Oregon's a pretty place.

After the trailer tire episode (I should hasten to qualify that as "first episode") I got a couple of phone calls that changed my plans a bit. Since I really didn't have plans, per se, it wasn't a real big imposition to change 'em. Anyhow, we got back on the road and headed for Puget Sound country. Central Oregon to Seattle is a bit of a hike especially hauling a heavy little red sailboat. We meandered crabwise up through Bend and Madras and then across the south flank of Mount Hood. The sign said, "Tallest mountain in Oregon." I believe it. When we weren't going UP, we were going DOWN. But, mostly up.

Night came while transiting Mount Hood. Most of the campgrounds were still snowed in. Two or three times I made a mad dash to complete a left turn across the opposing two-lane race track only to find the road to this or that advertised camp ground still heaped with snow. Did I mention this was getting well on into June? Backing out of some of those narrow tracks, and getting turned around can be a bit of a problem. So, when I finally found a place to "anchor" for the night, I wasn't at all choosy. As it turned out, I nosed down into a space normally occupied by a single vehicle and set *Ole's* front bumper against a tree about 20' from a snow-fed torrent. Really dramatic. We were sitting in a decidedly nose-down attitude, and sleeping required a bit of holding on and foot bracing. Otherwise a totally lovely place to be. A long, long way from anywhere I might use a sailboat for sailboat stuff. But, really a nice campsite.

The run on up to Seattle was more or less uneventful. I-5 in Washington state is most like I-5 in California only with evergreen trees and rain. Oh yeah, folks there-

abouts are a sight more considerate of a guy hauling a red sailboat. Probably the California plates again. Sort of like going through the airport check in line wearing a turban and a life jacket; folks tend to give you a wider berth. Maybe?

I had a delightful day, celebrating Fathers' Day with my youngest daughter. She lives just up the hill from Lake Union in Seattle. As luck would have it, summer happened in Seattle that day. Normally, they have winter and August. But, that year it came in June. The lake was absolutely covered with boats. And, of special interest to any messer, the Center for Wooden Boats there on the south side of Lake Union was in full operation. People were sailing, rowing, and steaming dozens of renovated craft from the Center. They have an extensive static display at the docks, and I simply wore my little digital camera out trying to record the spectacle. Their woodworking shop is a thing of wonder. And they have simply dozens more boats awaiting rebirth. Really cool.

Sadly, the old schooner, *Wawona*, was in terminal condition, and scheduled for the breaker's axe that year. Apparently, after decades of wrangling, and doing nothing effective, the various groups, agencies, and municipalities who had intended to save her; allowed her to rot away. I know she had a chance back in the '70s when I lived in those parts. The presumption, then, was that the extensive salt layer left over from the Alaskan salmon packing days of the 1920s and 30s was keeping the hull pickled. But, even feet of salt can wash away in several decades of Seattle rain. So it goes. A huge loss for the maritime restoration community.

I also stopped off to visit with a couple I knew in high school. They've retired to a positively beautiful home with the slopes of Mount Rainier conveniently bracketed in a long run of picture windows in their living room. Rainier is south and east of Seattle. Lots of lakes, and of course, south Puget Sound lay at its feet.

I sailed *Lady Bug* on a drizzly day around Lake Tapps. Tapps is another one of those commercially inspired watersheds that has become not only a recreational asset, but an upscale community. The puzzle isn't all that deep, and many of the old growth and second growth trees are still standing watch. They stopped growing decades ago, unfortunately now planted in 10' of water. But, the eagles and ospreys like 'em. Certainly different than anything in California. Next stop, salt water.

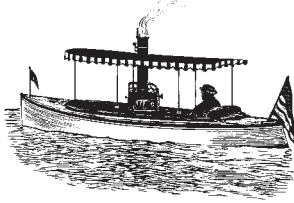
While Seattle is just a damn big city now; only a few minutes of latitude worth of

swimming off to the southwest got me out in the woods. Those same woods cover a shoreline crenellated with hundreds of coves, inlets, bays, and tidal streams. The extensive arm of Hood Canal nearly connects with the south sound in a place called Belfair. Not many folks swim to get there, as the state ferry system runs quite regularly. I did discover quite early on that towing an additional axle onto a ferry will add considerably to the tariff so I drove around through Tacoma and out onto a land mass that looks like a jelly fish or a squid on the chart. Kitsap Peninsula, by rights should be an island. But, like I was saying, it's hooked on to Colorado and Massachusetts at a place called Belfair. It was near Belfair that I stopped for lunch at a roadside bratwurst stand, under a rain fly, of course. Turns out, the guy selling sausages also lived on a Cal 2-27, like the one I lived on back-in-the-day. Finally, somebody who at least knew how to spell, "sailboat."

We wandered out the "left side" of Hood Canal through heavily forested and lightly populated land just across the water from one of the most densely inhabited corridors around. Real nice. Of course, I was looking for a launch ramp. I found one with a campground attached. We settled in for the night, and were up bright and early the next day with the greatest of expectations. Poof. It was a minus, minus tide day. That beautiful ramp stopped about 10' from the water's edge.

Bummer. I spent the rest of that day sort of waiting for the ocean to return, and re-exploring old haunts from my younger days. Places with names like Hoodport, Liliwaup, Quilcene, Chimum, Skokomish. Little holes in the wall I used to anchor in and sail by those many years ago. All day the tide stayed away. Finally, in Port Ludlow, the water started back in. The old lumber mill and landlocked cove I used to visit was now a 5 star resort and condominium-encrusted enclave. But, it was still Port Ludlow.

Just before getting *Lady Bug* ready to launch, and simply awash with déjà vu, I got a call from my sister-in-law. My younger brother wasn't expected to live more than a couple days, in the final stages of a long battle with Parkinson's. They were about 400 miles away on the other side of one long floating bridge, a significant ferryboat transit, metropolitan Seattle, a mountain range and passes, desert and coulee country, and thence into the next range of mountains and wheat fields. And, this was already Friday afternoon. While I took *Lady Bug* with me, the boat trip was to be off for a couple weeks. I'll take up where we left off, next month



**Boaters' Cards and Stationery**  
Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back.  
See web page—[www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html](http://www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html)

**Drawing/Notecards of Your Boat**  
A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift!—\$150  
See web page—[www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html](http://www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html)

L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419



I'm new to this dinghy cruising lark. For many years my wife, Ann, and I sailed our old wooden yacht on the Norfolk Broads. However, having sold her (the boat) and retired to Derbyshire, I began to miss sailing and my thoughts turned to a small boat suitable for dinghy cruising.

I eventually bought a little catboat, designed by Andrew Wolstenholme and built by David Moss in about 1985. *Jessie May* is based on the small catboats of the northeastern US but, at 12'3" LOA by 5'9" beam, she is slightly leaner than the traditional "a fathom wide by two fathoms long."

My intention in buying *Jessie May* (although a white cat, she is named after a black dog) was to have a boat which was small enough for easy launching and recovery when going for a sail around the pond at Carsington Water, but which was also suitable for single-handed dinghy cruising. Single-handed because Ann was emphatic that sleeping in a tiny dinghy was not her idea of fun. However, I began to have concerns about cruising because of three obstacles which I perceived. These were; the boat was too small, I was too old (64 at the time), and raising and lowering the mast while afloat would be tricky.

Obstacle three arises because the mast, right in the bows, is unstayed, being supported at keel and deck level. The mast is 15'3" long and weighs about 20 pounds plus the running rigging. In order to raise or lower it one has to stand very close to the bows, not the most stable position when afloat, and lift the mast vertically to insert or remove it. Being used to Broads type tabernacles, this struck me as a very delicate procedure.

The only way to overcome these obstacles was to give it a try. Accordingly, I towed *Jessie May* over to Norfolk in May 2008 for a short shakedown cruise. I launched at Martham Boatbuilding's yard and spent four days pottering around in the Hickling Broad and Horsey Mere area. It took a bit of time to stow all my gear efficiently but the trip went remarkably well. I did not try to negotiate any bridges. The winds were such as to give me experience of handling the boat with both single and double reefs and demonstrated that she is much stiffer when laden with an electric outboard and two large batteries, not to mention the rest of the gear. I also found that living and sleeping aboard was possible and even enjoyable. There is room (just) to sleep on the bottom boards, albeit with a slight kink around the centreboard case knee.

## With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

### First Cruises in a Cat

By Julian Wallbank

Reprinted from the  
*Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin* #204,  
Fall 2009



This trial cruise enabled me to strike off obstacles one and two. Thus encouraged, I joined the DCA at Beale Park a couple of weeks later. While chatting to other members there, I noticed a number of grey hairs around, which further emboldened me to disregard obstacle two. I also mentioned obstacle three, raising and lowering the mast while afloat. "No problem," said Liz Baker, who proceeded to dance on the foredeck of her Cormorant catboat to prove it. I remained skeptical.

By June it was time to test obstacle three, so I was back at Martham for another

cruise on the Broads. (I had planned a more adventurous trip but the forecast was so bad that I chickened out and returned to an area I knew well.) In any event, the weather improved rapidly; I had gentle breezes and got sunburnt. This time I headed downstream to the famous mediaeval Potter Heigham Bridge. Much to my surprise, Liz Baker was right, lowering the mast proved to be perfectly straightforward. It is simply a matter of making sure that there is sufficient slack in the halliards and topping lift and balancing myself and the mast carefully. After all those hours in bed during the winter thinking about it, I felt rather a fool.

I found that it took me about 20 minutes to lower the mast for a bridge, from mooring up to casting off, and about 25 minutes to set it up again. I cannot be sure of these times as on every occasion someone stopped to chat about my boat. The most time-consuming operation is lacing the sail to the mast; I have considered alternative methods such as mast hoops but I doubt whether these would be of any benefit.

My six-day cruise took me to South Walsham, Ranworth, and up the River Ant to Barton Broad where I saw an otter snoozing on a pontoon. I was too late in the year to hear bitterns booming, but I did see one fly over Heigham Sound. On one morning I spent an hour and a half tacking the three miles from Thurne Mouth to Acle Bridge, then turned and ran/reached the six miles to Potter Heigham in an hour, all in glorious sunshine. Both *Jessie May* and I decided that that is what sailing is really about!

So, I have concluded that dinghy cruising is for me and that *Jessie May* is a good boat to do it in. However, at the end of my recent cruise obstacle two was rearing its ugly head, my back was steadily stiffer each morning! I think a more spacious sleeping platform and a better self-inflating mattress might be worthwhile investments.

### For More Information About the DCA

Membership Secretary: Tony Nield  
40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme,  
Cheadle, Cheshire, UK SK85JP  
United Kingdom  
[www.dca.uk.com](http://www.dca.uk.com)



Groton Long Point, Connecticut, is where my wife, Fay, and I have retired and where we keep our sailboats. We have a 23' Pearson Ensign and a 10-1/2' O'Day sailing dinghy. We keep both boats in the Groton Long Point Lagoon, the former moored to a piling and the latter tied up to a floating dock. We have happily cruised Fishers Island Sound in both boats but find the very local waters always drawing us back. Because the water around Groton Long Point is fairly shallow, I find it best to cruise the area using the O'Day sailing dinghy that can, with the centerboard partially pulled up, sail in a foot of water.

Loving boats as I do, I take particular interest in the sailboats moored in my proximity. In leaving the Lagoon in my dinghy I pass my Ensign on the starboard hand and am impressed, as I am every time I see her, with the beauty of this boat: the long overhangs, the sweeping sheer, the reverse transom and the slim beam all go to making many look twice when passing her. There are only one or two Ensigns like mine at Groton Long Point now but there were more years ago in their heyday.

Just ahead, however on swing moorings, lies the most popular and older class of one designs presently dotting the Lagoon, the Fishers Island One Designs. They have a long and faithful following. Rarely has a fleet of boats beguiled sailors like the Fishers Island One Designs. Built in 1923 as a single production run of only 16 boats they have been enthusiastically raced, day sailed and cruised for more than 70 seasons. The fleet has anchored in only two harbors: Hay Harbor, Fishers Island and Groton Long Point. Generations of Fishers Island and Groton Long Point sailors have grown to love these boats and their traditions.

These were the second fleet of One Designs built for Fishers Island sailors. In 1913, the first fleet of "One Design" boats was built at City Island, New York. Upon launching, they were sailed or towed up Long Island Sound to Fishers Island under the escort of Walter Ferguson's *Christobel*, a steam yacht. Mr. Ferguson was one of two brothers who purchased Fishers Island from the Fox family in the 1880s. The boats were designed by Charles D. Mower, a naval architect from New York. He was an outstanding member of his profession for more than 40 years. The original plans for the first fleet, Design #130, and the second fleet, Design #697, reside in the Mower collection at Mystic Seaport.

The first fleet was designed about 1911 and that is when Mower left his 29 Broadway office in Manhattan to establish the firm of Bowes and Mower in Philadelphia. He returned to New York after World War I and the plans for the second fleet came from his 350 Madison Avenue office. The builder of the first fleet is not known. The second fleet was built at the Henry B. Nevins Boatyard in City Island, New York. Henry Nevins personally supervised the building of these boats for the Hay Harbor Yacht Club at Fishers Island.

Since the arrival of the "second fleet" at Groton Long Point the boats have been called "Class A". The "Class A" designation stems from the three classes of boats termed "A", "B", "C" which were raced at Groton Long Point during the thirties. The "B Class" included miniature, or children's, boats and the "C Class" was comprised of 14'-18' sailing craft which were handicapped to keep the races competitive. In 1937 the "C Class"

## 20 Years of Cruising Solo on Fishers Island & Long Island Sounds

### Part 1: A Day Sail Around Groton Long Point, Connecticut

By Lionel Taylor



*Spindrift* at home mooring in Groton Long Point, ca 1990.

evolved into the Snipe Class. As the "One Designs" always started first, they became known as the "As".

The "Class A" hull is 24' long, 15' on the waterline and has a 7" beam. She draws 18" with the centerboard raised and about 4-1/2' with it down. When the boats were converted from gaff to Marconi rigs in 1929 several other changes were made. Lead bricks were added under the floor boards beside the centerboard trunk for added stability and air tanks were placed fore and aft to keep any capsized boat afloat.

The Hay Harbor owners turned the "A" fleet over to Ernest and Franklin Post in Mystic, Connecticut, with the understanding that it would be sold intact to a single yacht club. Available records from the Post Yard (which is most remembered for the sleek 80' "rum runners" built there in the early days of prohibition) fail to mention the brokering of the "A" fleet to Groton Long Point. They were purchased by Post for \$100 and sold for \$200. Of the 16 boats built in 1923, 14 still exist at Groton Long Point. Hurricane Carol claimed two in 1954.

The shallow draft of the "A" boat at Hay Harbor was also essential at Groton Long Point. In the early '30s the Lagoon consisted of a narrow channel running around the perimeter, with shallows and two islands in the center. Only modest sized boats could be turned around, and risking a draft of 3' in the channel was a gamble with grounding. In July of 1936 the Groton Long Point Association passed a resolution to dredge the islands out of the Lagoon for \$19,000. A sand sucker pumped the islands and shoals onto land creating building lots. Since then the Lagoon has been navigable to a questionable 6'. The breakwater at the entrance to the Lagoon was also extended.

Despite the compliments I made about the Fishers Island One Designs, I still like the Ensign best. Arguably the most popular keel boat at Groton Long Point has been this one design, the Pearson Ensign. The Ensign was built as a one-design class sloop rigged 22'6" overall length, 16'9" on the waterline. She has a beam of 7'0", a draft of 3' (and like the "A" boats, draft shallow enough to sail and

moor in the Lagoon, another reason for her local popularity), displacement of 3,000lbs including 1,200lbs of lead ballast, and the construction is fiberglass.

A local Pearson Ensign first made news in the Class Yearbook in 1987 when it recorded the fact that the "First crew member to fall overboard in a Nationals (Regatta); Jim Hoffman, crewing for Fred Burnham (a current resident), from Ensign Fleet #34". At that time there were 6 Ensigns moored at Groton Long Point. Not a large fleet but substantial when it can be noted that there were other Ensigns moored and sailed from Noank, Mystic, Stonington, Mumford Cove and New London, all local communities.

The Ensign was built in the middle range between big yachts and the large dinghy. For reasons that seemed to be forgotten in all the other classes, it is an exciting one-design that is still raced all over the country after more than 40 years, and it is comfortable and forgiving enough for day-sailing or even a weekend cruise. Ensigns are the largest class of full-keeled one design sailboats in the United States.

The Ensign was first built by Pearson Yachts in 1962 as the Electra and was really a redesign of an earlier boat. But Pearson dealers, notably John Nichols and his colleague Osman Robinson in Mamaroneck, New York, found that many Electra buyers would prefer a boat with a larger cockpit and a smaller cabin. They passed the information along to Pearson who subsequently asked Carl Alberg, the well known yacht designer, to design a day sailor suitable for one design racing, based upon the Electra hull. This he did and turned his Ensign design over to Everett Pearson to build.

In the new design the rigging was changed from masthead (Electra) to fractional (Ensign) to reduce head stay sag and permit the Ensign to point better. Not knowing the strength and limitations of fiberglass at the time they built the Electra very heavy and almost bulletproof. Owners claim that with proper care she will probably outlive them. Pearson introduced the boat in the 1962 New York Boat Show. The design took off and the boat was a success.

Today there are over 2,000 Ensigns listed nationwide in the 2006 Boat Roster, 10 boats locally located in Fleet #57, New London, Connecticut, and 14 in Fleet #34 in Stonington, Connecticut, alone. This does not count the unregistered number in the area. It has been estimated that two-thirds of the 2,000 Ensigns built are used for day sailing. However, the remaining one-third enjoy racing in the 47 fleets ranging from Casco Bay, Maine to the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, and from Lake Superior in Michigan to Galveston Bay in Texas.

The dinghy I was sailing, the 10' O'Day Sprite, came about primarily as a result of the efforts of Dr. Norris Hoyt of St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, to create a small junior trainer. Dr. Hoyt enlisted the aid of naval architect Robert Baker and George O'Day and the boat was created of fiberglass. The O'Day Corporation of Fall River, Massachusetts (now defunct) was the builder and in her heyday counted over 1,100 boats in about 30 states, where they were often adopted as junior trainers. The mast can be moved forward, the jib removed and the rig changed to that of a cat. Her vital statistics are: length overall 10'2", waterline 9'4", beam 4'9", draft with board

up 3", draft with board down 3'5" sail area 63sf weight 150lbs and she is car-toppable.



My 10' O'Day Sprite.

We bought #S-75 in April, 1959 as a family trainer for our three children and ourselves for \$450. It was the family sailboat until we purchased the Ensign in 1987. Although we have sailed with all five of us occasionally in light conditions she is more comfortable with a crew of two or single-handed. She is very safe with built-in flotation tanks that will easily float her if swamped.

As I sailed down the fairway, I passed the many homes located on it with boat docks at each. With waves, a sailboat and a power boat passed me on their way out to Fishers Island Sound. Exiting the narrow channel that provides the entrance to the Lagoon, I took a sharp turn to starboard around the small pen-

insula marked with a flashing green light and set a northeasterly course that would take me into Mumford Cove. The wind was easterly at a speed of 4-5 knots, ideal for the planned cruise. I passed through a small bay between Mumford Point on the left, a part of state owned Bluff Point and Groton Long Point.

Off to my right is a piece of property called the Divine Riviera after its owner. It has been the center of contention, at times, between Joe Divine and the Groton Long Point Association about how much of that part of the Cove is his property. He keeps trying to recover more land below high tide by dumping sand into the Cove while the strong tidal current keeps washing it away.

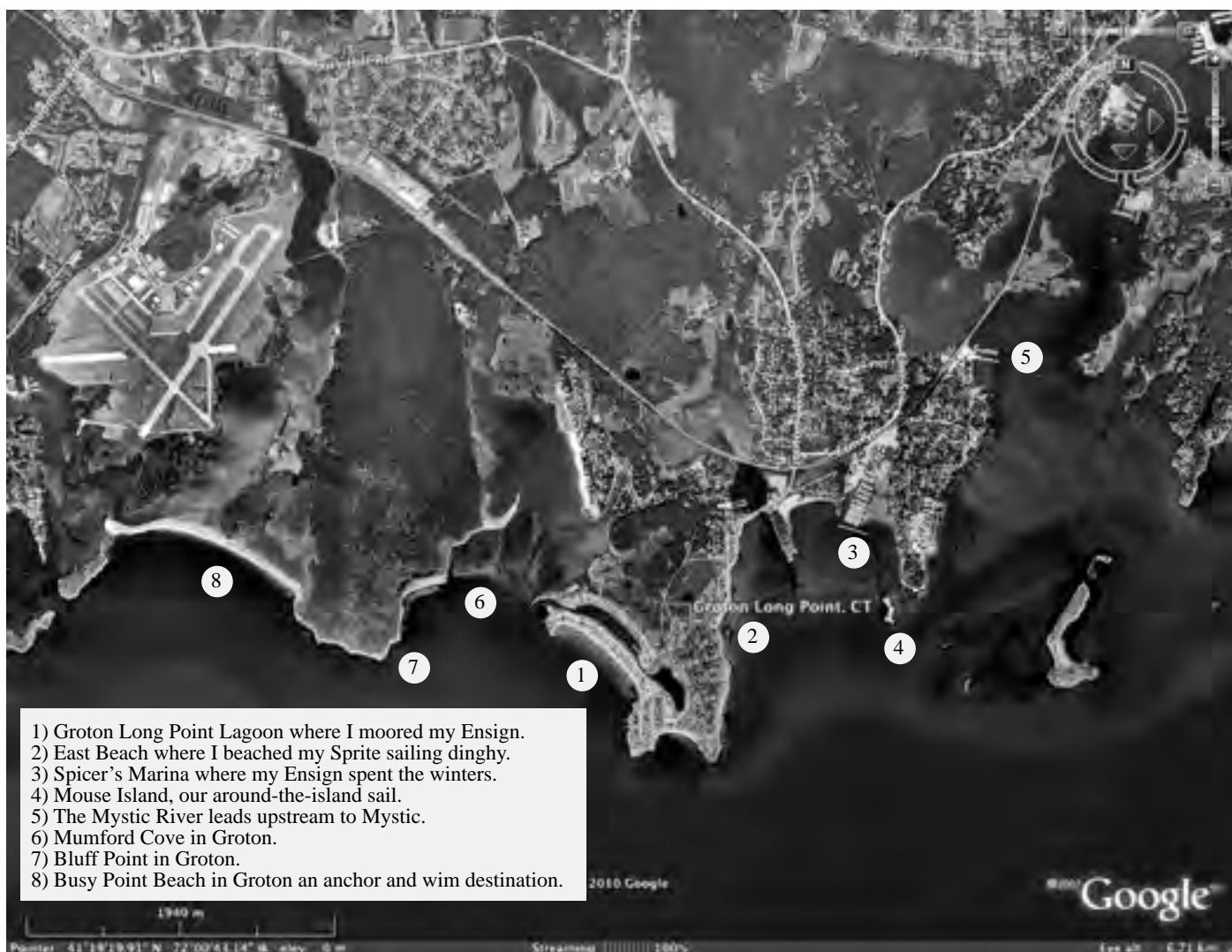
At this point the channel starts to become shallow and narrows down making a buoy system necessary so that residents of the community of Mumford Cove can get their boats in and out of Fishers Island Sound. The buoys are privately maintained. About 800 yards on the starboard hand is the entrance to a narrower cove than what I've been sailing where residents keep their smaller craft, the depth of which is 4-1/2'. Since the tide is going out, and more dry land is appearing I have less room to maneuver so I must say goodbye to this peaceful backwater. I come about across from wooden slips that hold the residents' larger boats and with my sails set for a broad reach to Fishers Island Sound.

My plan today is to circle the peninsula of Groton Long Point, if the wind holds,

exploring the east as well as the west and south shores. I am much more acquainted with the East Beach for it is where I used to keep my dinghy during the summer before she became too heavy for me to launch and retrieve. Leaving South Beach to port first, I had to take a couple of hitches to get around Clubhouse Point and East Beach and into the waters of Palmers Cove to the north. Many is the day I sailed single-handed across Palmers Cove and around Spicers Marina in West Cove, Noank, when the wind was too strong for single-handing my Ensign. These coves open into a large mooring field for boats from Noank and Groton Long Point.

My interest today was centered to port on the homes and boats anchored along the eastern shore of the Point. This is a populated area with slips protruding from many homes and a local mooring field for the larger boats. I was pleased to see 3 or 4 Ensign Class sloops among the miscellaneous sailboats and the beautiful NY 30 *Halloween* there. Palmers Cove is shallow and the chart reads "foul" and "obstructions" in some spots. It is about a mile long, three hundred yards wide and "bottlenecked" at its northern end by a car bridge and further in by Amtrak railroad tracks. The tide runs in and out under these bridges carrying sand and stones with it and is a popular spot for fishermen.

As I sailed in I spotted a fishing pier to port and near it a large rock. The story goes that this rock played a part in the American





# The Ensign Story: North America's Largest Class of Full-Keel One-Design Sailboats

By Lionel Taylor  
Flat Hammock Press  
flathammockpress.com  
153 pp. Softcover

The Carl Albergh-designed Pearson Ensign debuted at the New York Boat Show in 1962. The 22'6", 3,000lb Ensign has a cut-away full keel with an attached rudder. The hull features long bow and stern overhangs, a flat sheerline, low freeboard and, best of all, a large, deep, comfortable cockpit.

The Ensign was a success, enjoying a production run at Pearson Yachts that lasted more than two decades. A list from the 1976 Ensign Class yearbook documents 1,601 boats by state. Thirty years ago there were 161 Ensigns in Connecticut, 139 in Massachusetts, and an amazing 405 in New York. Most of these boats are probably still sailing.

This book is an admirable telling of the Ensign story. It is an enjoyable read for anyone who owns one or is thinking of buying one.



A Pearson Ensign under sail.

## Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.  
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.  
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.  
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"  
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"  
LOA 17'5"  
LWL 15'5"  
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.  
16' B.K.  
18' - 21' - 23'

**FERNALD'S MARINE**  
291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951  
(978) 465-0312

Revolution when Fishers Island Sound was held by British warships. The British had a hard time providing enough food for their large crews so they frequently sent small boats ashore with foraging parties to catch stray sheep or calves from local farms. When a British boat approached the East Shore of Groton Long Point this time there was a group of American militia waiting for them behind the large rock and they drove the foragers off with no losses to themselves.

The eastern shore of Groton Long Point is, of course, open to any winds from an easterly quadrant. It has a history of boats being driven ashore by northeasterly gales. Fortunately most of the shore is comprised of sandy beaches so damage is usually held to a minimum. Not so the gale of September, 1994. It arrived sometime in the early morning before dawn and caught us when we were all asleep. I was awakened by the sound of the wind moaning through the trees and the water breaking over the sea walls flooding the streets behind. When I got down to East Beach where, at the time, I had my dinghy pulled up, I knew I was in trouble.

I could see a 30' foot sailboat grounded and rocking on the sand with each wave that came ashore, its severed mooring line trailing out into the water. A small power boat also on the sand was keeping the sailboat company in their unnatural location. I looked with horror at the small boats that were pulled up on the sand before the gale came. Almost all of them were driven near to or up against the sea wall by the high tide and the wind. Many of their owners were now piling through the debris that resulted. I found my upturned dinghy close to the wall without a mast. It lay in two pieces one part still in the mast step. It was that broken piece that saved the hull from damage by jamming against the wall and stopping the hull from further movement. I was just lucky.

This time I sailed deeper into the Cove where the water became a little less shallow. I rounded a promontory that thrust itself out into the Cove and came to a sandy beach to port known as Kidde Beach. It was here that I first kept the O'Day dinghy when we arrived to stay in the area in 1987 but was abandoned because of rocks that later thrust their heads above the sand making a safe launching difficult. This beach is about 300 yards from the car bridge to the north that marks the entrance to Groton Long Point.

My daughter Kim used to bring her Sunfish up from Fairfield, Connecticut, to sail with me, also launching from this beach. We'd sail the length and breadth of Palmers Cove in company, many times even into Fishers Island Sound. One day when the southwest wind was blowing quite hard, Kim was sailing down the Cove toward the car bridge. The flood tide was running fast under the bridge and I called to her to come about before the wind and current forced her into and under the low bridge. But it was too late. As she was being swept through, she caught the gaff of the lateen rig in the bridge structure. Hung up there I was afraid she would capsize. I couldn't help her as my mast was too tall to get to her; I'd just get hung up there too. It was quite a dilemma of what to do to get her out of her predicament.

Finally, after a tug she got her sail untangled from the base of the bridge. She dropped her sail and was swept under and through. She wasn't in much better shape now than she was before. She couldn't sail

back and the wind and current were so strong she could make no headway paddling. She just got swept further north toward the Amtrak railroad bridge that lay before her. We needed someone with an outboard motor that could fit under the bridge. Luckily, a neighbor came by with his power boat and saw our dilemma. He volunteered to get her and tow her back. In a few minutes it was all over. Kim, very embarrassed, thanked her rescuer but the sailing for her was over for the day.

Groton Long Point is, and has been, a great place to live. The Borough is full of considerate neighbors and friends who seem to live in peace with each other and the environment. A main point of unhappiness seems to lie in the number of people who must pass by and around us to get where they are going to points up and down the coast. Interstate 95 and Route 1 carry heavy automobile and truck traffic between New York City and Boston, especially during the summer months.

It has concerned others than the Pointers as well. Mr. Robert Moses, former Chairman of the Port of New York Authority, in particular, who wanted to relieve New York City of traffic congestion. In addition to the construction he proposed and had built, like the Triborough, Whitestone, and Throgs Necks Bridges, a big battle over a cross-Sound bridge began shaping up in the middle 1960s after Moses announced his opposition to a proposed tri-state bridge linking Orient point on the North Fork of Long Island with Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The idea for such an interstate bridge was not new. In 1938, the Commerce Committee of the U. S. Senate discussed the feasibility of an 18 mile bridge from Orient Point on Long Island to Plum, Gull and Fishers Islands and then on to either Groton Long Point, Connecticut, or Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Such a span, argued its supporters, would aid the Long Island economy by providing access to New England markets. Nothing came of the proposal until it was revived by a private group called the Long Island Sound Tri-State Bridge Committee.

According to a study undertaken by this authority the bridge would bring the dual benefits of traffic relief and economic development. If thought of in terms of the interstate highway program, it was said that it would reduce travel time between Washington and Boston by two hours. Numerous studies took place following this proposal. few of which seemed to be in favor. The director of one study of the Tri-State Bridge declared that 5 to 15 years of engineering and legislative work would be required before the span linking Long Island with Rhode Island and Connecticut could be built. This was music to the ears of Bob Moses and the residents of Groton Long Point!

This was basically the end of this proposal. Even the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound had objected! Its members contended that a bridge would interfere with recreational boating and particularly racing on the Sound. The idea of bridging the Sound in any area was also not acceptable to the candidate for mayor of Rye, New York who said, "If Moses wants to cross Long Island Sound, let him walk." The mayors of Groton Long Point and towns in Rhode Island were equally supportive of his statement.



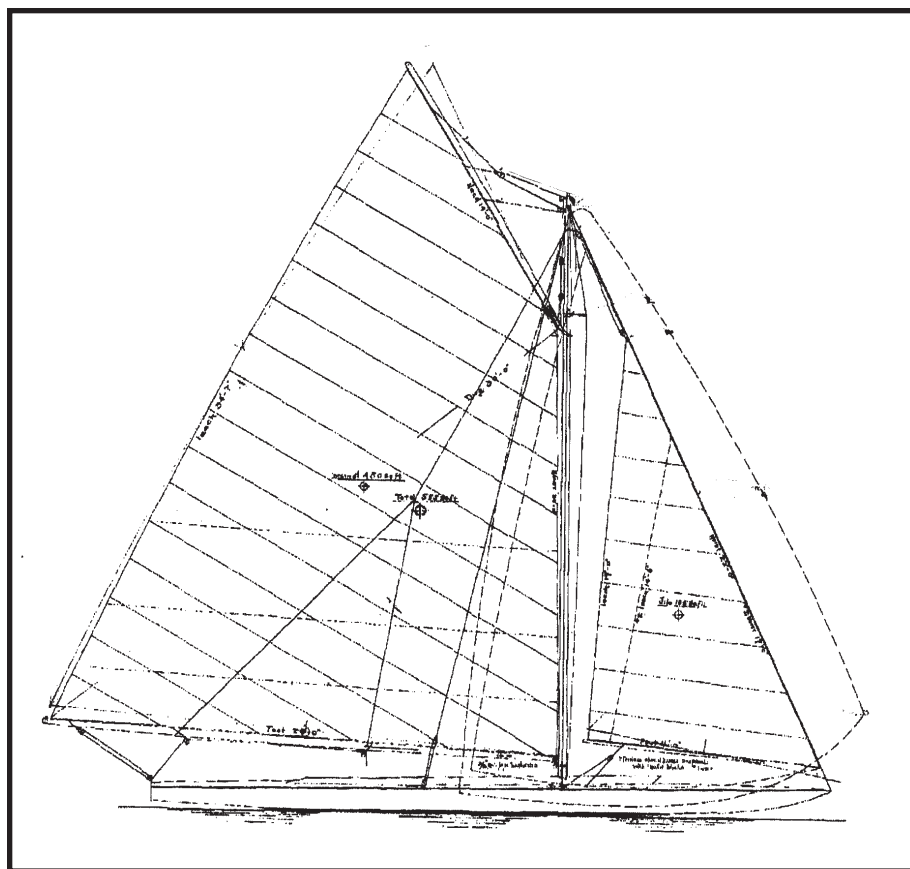
# A Bit of Background on Charles D. Mower

By Lionel Taylor

It was in 1909 that some members of the new Hay Harbor Club on Fishers Island, New York, decided to introduce a modern racing sailboat. One-design classes were a relatively novel thing at that time, but several yacht designers were ready to come up with able boats, some keel versions for clubs fronting on deep water, others with centerboards for shallow waters like Hay Harbor. The Fisher Island sailors contacted one of the East's best young yacht designers, Charles D. Mower. Having experience with centerboarders as well as keel boats, he proposed a 38' scow type (see drawing) with a flat bottom and an immense spread of canvas on a gaff-headed rig. With a Marconi rig, the boat would be a copy of the modern day Wand Lake A Scow, an ultra fast monohull sailboat. While she might have excited younger sailors of the Club, she surely must have frightened older ones because they went back to Mower and requested a more moderate design.

From 1895 to 1899 Charles D. Mower was learning yacht design as a draftsman in the offices of two of the leading designers around Boston at the time; first, Arthur Binney and, later, Bowdoin B. Crowninshield. By 1899 Mower had attained an ability which caused Thomas Fleming Day, editor of *The Rudder*, a magazine then only a few years old and the only one in its field, to take him on as design editor. For the next dozen years he held this position, designing and writing for the magazine and selecting the work of other designers for publication.

In this capacity, too, he was the author of several "How to Build" books from which many homebuilders constructed their own craft according to his plans and directions, directions that Mower, having been a backyard builder himself, knew well how to give. Besides this work for the magazine, he was soon designing yachts that became outstanding in racing classes. One-design as well as rating class yachts came from Mower's board. He designed one of the most successful one-design classes that ever raced on Long Island



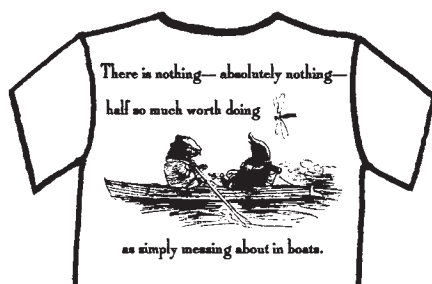
Charles Mower's sail plan for the Fishers Island One-Design

Sound, the Sound Interclubs, which for more than ten years had something of a corner on the small yacht racing talent on the Sound and which were the inspiration for two other one-design classes, the Vineyard Interclubs and the Great South Bay Interclubs, also from Mower's board.

Although it can't be definitely determined, it was about this time (1910) that Mower designed the Fishers Island One Designs. This is no attempt to list or catalog Charles Mower's designs, there were too many and too generally successful to attempt a list of even the best. He designed some of the best in all types, even sailing dinghies, for

when Frostbite racing first became popular it was Charley Mower's "Snowbird" that beat the whole fleet and started dinghy owners off on a building race.

Mower was Measurer of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, the Cruising Club of America, and the New York Yacht Club for many years, and an honorary member of the first named club until the time of his death at the age of 66. It was a loss to yachting for he was a man who cared more for the designing, building and sailing of yachts than for the money to be made out of them, and he was never fully repaid in dollars and cents, for the fine yachts he gave the sport.



Simply Messing About In Boats

Nautical Apparel & Accessories

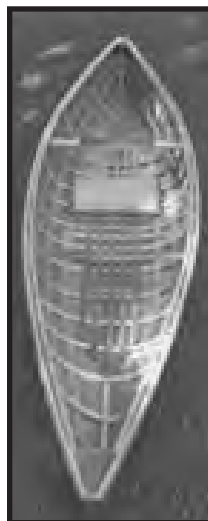
from

*The Wind in the Willows*

*The Design Works*

toll free 877-637-7464

[www.messingabout.com](http://www.messingabout.com)



## Berkshire Boat Building School

Specializing in Skin-on-Frame Construction  
Spring/Summer/Fall

### Classes

- Individual and small classes are available in Sheffield, MA, throughout the year
- April 23-25:** Learn to build a Skin-on-Frame kayak at Yestermorrow Design/Build School in Warren, VT—for details, visit [www.yestermorrow.org](http://www.yestermorrow.org)
- May 21-23:** Learn to build a Skin-on-Frame Canoe at our home site in Sheffield, MA
- June 4-6:** Learn to Build a "Green" Skin-on-Frame Canoe at Yestermorrow
- July 12-16:** Build Your Own 10½' - 15½' Canoe at our home site in Sheffield, MA
- July 26-30:** Build Your Own 10½' - 15½' Canoe at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, MA—see our BBBS website for building details
- September 26-30:** Learn to build your own Kayak at Yestermorrow

### For Sale

PLANS FOR KAYAKS AND DOUBLE PADDLE CANOES • PARTIAL KITS •  
DOUBLE AND SINGLE BLADED PADDLES • NYLON OR POLYESTER SKINS •  
CANED SEATS

For details, see [www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org](http://www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org).

## The International Scene

As of January 21, there were exactly 5,896 container ships active in liner trades. That translates to a total capacity of 13,690,765 TEUs and a deadweight tonnage of 81,720,546 tons.

Now that serious drilling for oil will soon start in three areas around the Falkland Islands, Argentina has been reminding the world that there was, and remains, a serious disagreement over the islands' sovereignty.

Rates for chartering container ships rose somewhat as more loaded containers started to appear at ports, ready to be moved. A charter for an 8,500-TEU ship was running about \$14,000 a day as compared with \$10,000 a year ago, but that may not be enough to cover operating and financing costs. In the "good old days," as recently as 2007, the average 3,500-TEU ship could earn \$29,958 a day as opposed to last year's average of \$6,575.

## Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or nearly sank: Near the Russian Far East island of Sakhalin, the refrigerator ship *Smolninsky* iced up in -20°C weather and 5-metre seas so eleven passengers were helicoptered ashore while the crew set about reducing a 30° list.

An Alaskan-based Coast Guard cutter was at Honolulu when it was tasked to rescue the 28-man crew of the fishing vessel *Hou Chun II* 900 miles southwest of Honolulu. The FV had sunk and the crew was in life rafts when the cutter arrived. The vessel steamed to Christmas Island in Kiribati, where two severely burned fishermen were medivaced by a Coast Guard C-130 and the remainder transferred to a Taiwanese FV.

Ships collided and allided: In Bangladesh, in the Chittagong outer anchorage, the inbound product tanker *Delos* managed to find the bulker *Bao Yue Jia*, which was unloading grain into a lighter alongside. Neither ship sank.

The Texas ports of Port Arthur, Port Neches, Beaumont, and Orange, all on the Sabine River, remained closed for several days after the crude oil tanker *Eagle Otome* lost power, bounced off the cargo ship *Gull Arrow* moored at bankside, then hit an oncoming barge tow pushed by the towboat *Dixie Vengeance*. The leading barge sliced deep into the tanker, making a 15'x8' hole through which an estimated 462,000 gallons of oil gushed. Closure of the Sabine River kept about a dozen vessels trapped on each side of the collision.

Ships ran aground: The 3,200-dwt tanker *Turkish Oruç Reis* dragged its anchor at Kilyos and went aground. A helicopter and three vessels, including two tugs, came out to help but were unable to do so because of shallow water, strong winds, and high seas. The crew of seven was rescued later by shore personnel.

In the Black Sea in Turkey, the cargo ship *Orcun C.* ran ashore in bad weather and broke up. Twenty-one crewmembers were rescued.

Other groundings were relatively uneventful. At Esbjerg Roads in Denmark, the vehicle carrier *Grande Scandinavia* grounded but floated free an hour later.

The cargo vessel *TOMI Elegance* was unloading copra at an oil mill at Tolosa, Leyte, when a low pressure area caused large waves to besiege the ship. The master decided to pull out but a mooring line became entangled in the propeller and the vessel ran aground.

Also going aground because of a dragging anchor was the empty tanker *Athina* on

# Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

the island of Crete. A week later, the tug *Megalexandros* pulled it free.

In the Volga-Caspian Channel, the *Ultus Star* was pushed ashore by ice.

Fire and explosion took a toll: No bang or boom but there was a rapid (and utterly voluntary) closure of the port of Morehead City, North Carolina, when drums carrying the highly explosive chemical PETN on the cargo ship *Lehmann Forester* were found to be leaking. PETN was the explosive carried by the Christmas Day underwear bomber.

Fire on a Gulf of Mexico processing platform only two miles off Cameron Parish, Louisiana, forced three workers to evacuate. One subsequently died of his injuries.

Humans became involved: A Coast Guard helicopter flew to Bermuda and waited until the tanker *Axel Spirit* steamed within range. Then it flew out and heli-vacced a five-year-old boy and his parents and brought them to Bermuda. The boy, suffering from symptoms of appendicitis, was admitted to the island's hospital.

At a Korean shipyard, four workers died within just over 20 days. A painter was killed when solvent he was spraying ignited due to static electricity, two died from breathing argon gas, and the fourth drowned after falling off a service tower.

In Malaysia at George Town, a high-school dragon boat crew was furiously paddling along in a final practice when their craft may have hit a tug and capsized in strong waves. Some of the 18 on the dragon boat were wearing lifejackets and they may have been among the dozen that swam ashore, but six others died, including the teacher/coach.

While boarding the bunker tanker *OW Copenhagen* at anchor at Copenhagen, a seaman slipped overboard. In spite of prompt responses by small vessels, he died in the icy waters. His body was found 45 minutes later.

Some 450 miles south of Alaska's Adak Island, the Coast Guard unsuccessfully searched for an overboard Myanmarese member of the container ship *Cap Gilbert*'s crew.

On the diving support vessel *Well Servicer* in the North Sea, a worker was crushed between equipment last April and the UK accident report stated that he died because the most basic safety principles had been ignored.

Other events: In the North Sea, most of the workers on the *Songa Dee* semi-submersible drilling platform were evacuated after the supply vessel *Far Grimshander* slammed into a platform leg after losing power.

Elsewhere, 175 miles west of Shetland, the Schiehallion field re-opened after three months of repairs. The field's floating platform (more precisely, a large hose reel) had been damaged by the shuttle tanker *Loch Rannoch* as it tried to dock. A new reel had to be built and the shutdown cost the company about £500 million in lost revenue.

The Maltese-flagged bulker *Piper* radioed from the northern entrance to the Bosporus that it was threatened by sinking due to engine failure and needed help. But the engineers got the engine working again.

Nearby, the Romanian tanker *Papur* radioed authorities that it was adrift off Kilyos. (No report was available as to what happened next.)

At Algeciras, the container ship *Maersk Daesan* had just finished cargo operations when it was swept by a sudden rain shower. A wind gust broke one mooring line and that was followed by all the others popping in a chain reaction. Tugs took the drifting ship to refuge in the Bay of Gibraltar and it later sailed to Málaga. Fifteen dockers, on board to do lashing work, had to stay on the ship and returned overland from Málaga.

In the Baltic off the Swedish island of Gotland, the *Linda* lost three containers when the bottom unit of a stack of four collapsed under the weight of the others above it. The lost containers carried ketchup, fat for making soap, and shampoo and other cleaning chemicals. The last usually contain phosphorous and its addition to the badly polluted Baltic Sea was not welcomed.

Elsewhere, the container ship *Horizon Hunter* arrived a day late at Honolulu because a strong storm had toppled a stack of containers, sending six into the sea and leaving others dangling precariously over the side.

And the *Seaboard Intrepid* lost 30 containers 30 miles off Key West, Florida.

## Gray Fleets

Although every US President since World War I has wanted a Navy of more than 300 ships, the current President seems satisfied with fleet of about 240 ships. But the Navy's report to Congress said its 30-year plan for 313 ships was merely "a point of departure." There will be a decreasing number of aircraft carriers but significantly larger number of the Joint High Speed Vessels, plus 55 of the new Littoral Combat Ships, and the planned 33-ship amphibious fleet "represents the limit of acceptable risk."

This US Navy will also be "green." For example, by 2012 there will be a Green Strike Force composed of ships powered by nuclear energy or bio-fuel and, by 2016, there will be a Great Green Fleet of nuclear ships and others powered by hybrid electrical systems using bio-fuel. The planes overhead will use bio-fuel, too, of course.

Just before the commanding officer of the Yokusaka-based cruiser *USS Cowpens* was due to turn over her command to a new skipper (who was already on board), she was relieved of her duties. The unusual charge was "cruelty and maltreatment," both at sea and in port, over an extended period. (Interestingly, she continued on to a scheduled Pentagon assignment.) The reader is invited to use Google or another search engine and read the numerous comments by fellow Navy types and others about her career-long behavior and performance. The comments coalesce into an absolutely riveting tale and the reader will undoubtedly arrive at some definite possible conclusions.

While I'm discussing similar "relieved of command" situations, reader retired Navy Captain Pete Leenhouts pointed out that several examples in my last column were not recent news (these columns generally report on what happened within the preceding month).

For the second time in the construction of *HMS Ambush*, the second of the UK's *Asute* class of nuclear-powered attack subs, fire broke out. The first time the fire was in acoustical tiles on the outside of the hull. This time it was in temporary plastic ducting used for ventilation during construction. In a careful calibration of the damage, the fire was judged to be more than a minor fire but less than a major fire.

Down Under, training of Australian submariners continues to be impeded. Only *HMAS Waller* of the six *Collins*-class subs remained operational after *HMAS Farncomb* suffered generator failure.

### White Fleets

Last year, during the recession, the cruise industry managed to have its ships sail at a 104% average capacity (every room occupied and two people in some rooms) by hard marketing. The industry will charge more this year but will provide better entertainment and an innovative improvement, single staterooms without the customary supplementary charge, of which one industry commentator gushed, "I think it's genius." And passengers are booking further into the future. The average has already reached five months out.

The gigantic (6,300 passengers, 2,100 crew) new cruise ship *Oasis of the Seas* has an incredible range of attractions that include an ice rink, golf course, volleyball and basketball courts, a 1,300-seat theater, and seven distinct "neighborhoods," including a boardwalk and a miniature Central Park. In fact, there are so many attractions on board that when in port many passengers simply stay on the ship rather than going ashore to see the local sights.

It can be dangerous to go ashore. Two travelers in their 60s holidaying on the *Norwegian Sky* rented a motorcycle in the Grand Bahamas. They tried to make a U-turn on a major road and were hit by an oncoming car. Both riders were taken to a hospital where the female later died of her injuries. He was treated and detained by the police.

Farther south and west, an American male from the *Imagination* died at Cozumel, Mexico, when his paragliding harness failed some 250 feet in the air. And farther south, an Argentine female from the *Costa Victoria* was found floating but dead in the Blue Lagoon on Ilha Grande, south of Rio de Janeiro.

Not exactly a cruise ship anymore, the 1965-built *Peace Boat*, aka *Oceanic*, had problems leaving Cape Town. In spite of a blustering southeaster, three tugs managed to turn her in the Duncan Dock. Then, on the way out of port, she lost control for some reason and collided with a buoy, damaging it but not herself. The tugs rushed to help and she drifted safely until the problem was fixed. Then off to Walvis Bay on the vessel's 68th Global Voyage as part of the United Nations Millennium Development Goals program.

At St Kitts, the *Carnival Miracle* struck a pier, creating a 15' gash in its hull near the waterline. The damage was repaired and the ship arrived back at Ft Lauderdale about four hours late.

### Those That Go Back and Forth

In the Baltic the big ferry *Nordlandia* got stuck in ice as it was leaving Helsinki. It and its 850 passengers had to wait for ice-breaker assistance because 15-20 other ships were ahead of it on the waiting list.

On Lake Victoria, over 50 passengers on the small ro-ro *Kalangala* (possibly a powered barge?) were reported as panicking somewhat when the engine was non-functional for three hours.

Near Istanbul (Constantinople anyone?), the 358-seat ferry *Mehmet Reis* and the cargo ship *New Breeze* collided. Two people suffered minor injuries. The vessels' last names may tempt poets among this column's readers to rhyme them.

In spite of losing millions of state dollars on a previous attempt, Hawaiian legislators want an inter-island ferry system and may buy one of two high-speed, ex-Hawaii-based ferries repossessed by the Maritime Administration. An inter-island ferry company operated for 11 months but went into bankruptcy when a Hawaiian court decided that an environmental impact statement was required but hadn't been filed. Inter-island airlines aren't as enthusiastic as the lawmakers about another try at a ferry system, and the principal company providing inter-island bargaining wants a level playing field.

The high-speed CAT ferry between Bar Harbor, Maine, and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, stopped operating when it failed to get an expected \$6 million subsidy from the Province of Nova Scotia. But the Province still has to pay the company \$3 million. It was part of a subsidy agreement negotiated by a previous administration and will be used to cover shutdown costs. The new provincial economic development minister wryly wondered, "Maybe I would have negotiated something different."

A Dutch firm is building a trim 50-passenger city bus that is also amphibious. The amphibus can do 60mph on roads and then drive down a ramp into water, where twin jets take over propulsion up to eight knots. The \$700,000 "vessel" was recently tested at Rotterdam and at Glasgow, Scotland.

### Legal Matters

At Hong Kong, two shipmasters and two local pilots were found guilty of endangering the safety of people at sea and each faced four years in jail. The Ukrainian oil-field tugboat *Neftegaz-67* and the Chinese bulk carrier *Yaohai* collided two years ago and 18 on the tug died. The judge noted that nobody need have died if the four had simply looked at their radars and noted that their vessels were on collision courses.

In Sibenik, Croatia, the master of the passenger ro-ro *Marko Polo* was fined 4,000 kunas (547 Euros) for letting his ship run aground in October although he wasn't on duty. The second officer and the helmsman were, and both were sober, too. They received stiffer fines and also lost their licenses.

### Nature

The thick ice build-ups in some major northern Chinese ports, such as Bayquan and Dalian, haven't been seen in more than 30 years.

The power of sports fishermen! Extreme cold weather for longer than three days can trigger closing of Texas coastal waterways. The reason is to minimize fish kills. It seems that fish tend to gather in a few deep spots where the water is warmer and the roiling wakes of passing tugs and other vessels may cover the stacked fish with silt or force them to the colder surface waters where they are killed by the cold. A recent freeze wasn't quite long enough to trigger a closure, but barge companies cooperated in a two-day practice drill. It worked, except for one tug that didn't get the word. (The several barge companies that participated noted that each parked barge would have earned an average of \$7,000 a day.)

The container ship *Tatiana Schulte* was denied entry to Australia because it was found to be carrying an exotic timber pest named the burnt pine longhorn beetle. The ship had to return to New Zealand for a thorough de-beetling.

And at the Russian Far East port of Vostochny, an un-named vessel that had stopped in for bunkers was quickly isolated in quarantine when the dangerous Chinese weevil was discovered in its cargo of grain.

It's back to the drafting board for a German-made, IMO-approved chemical designed to kill of alien nasties in ballast water. It seems that it remains toxic for far too long when in freshwater or Arctic-like conditions.

The Antarctic warfare between the Sea Shepherd and Japanese whalers continued with more silliness. The Sea Shepherd's *Bob Barker* actively blocked the slipway of the factory ship *Nisshin Maru* to prevent pulling whales onto the flensing deck. In response, four killer boats started circling the *Bob Barker* at close range and eventually the *Yushin Maru No 3*, "intentionally rammed" the *Barker*. Or so the Sea Shepherds claimed. Both vessels probably suffered damage, with the *Barker* having a 4" slit some 3' long above its waterline. Which raises the question whether "can-opener" attachments are being welded to participant's hulls once again?

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Some authorities believe that Somali pirates use intelligence information to identify high value targets, but other experts wonder. Take, for example, the hijacking of the 4,800-dwt North Korean-flagged cargo ship *Rim*. When captured, it was on its way to be scrapped in Bangladesh.

When a reported \$7 million ransom was dropped from a helicopter onto the hijacked VLCC *Maran Centaurus*, a rival gang of Somalia pirates moved in on the possessors, who then yelped for help from European Union naval forces (none was provided). Clan heads intervened and peace was established until the two parties got ashore. Then a gunfight broke out and two pirates were killed.

### Odd Bits

A massive power failure on the Danish island of Bornholm probably was caused by the bulk carrier *Timberland* dropping its anchor on the power cable from the mainland.

Off Boca Raton, Florida, the tug *RL Enterlin* was chasing down an errant dredging scow when its anchor punched a large hole in the tug's bow. Unperturbed, the tugmaster beached his sinking vessel and the next morning a rubber-tired excavator waded through the surf and used its bucket to take the tug's crew of four to dry land.

US Navy SEALs and perhaps other special forces troops are being equipped with uniforms with eight built-in drawstring tourniquet systems. Thousands of the new anti-bloodloss trouserlegs and sleeves may already in use on the front lines in southwest Asia. They should nicely complement the highly effective blood-clotting dressings using chitosan, a carbohydrate found in ground-up shrimp shells.

### Head-Shaker

In late 2007, an LNG tanker entered Boston Harbor and part of the protective fleet was a State Police helicopter. Somebody shone a powerful green laser into the chopper's cockpit and kept on doing so even when the helicopter was hovering above his third-story bedroom. He was quickly arrested. After a recent conviction for interfering with operation of an aircraft and making false statements, he faces serious jail time when he is sentenced in a month or so.



After two years, five months, a motorcycle accident with recovery time, two home port moves, and the loss of Phil Bolger, *Frances E* sported her sail and splashed down in Lake Eustis, Florida.

We put our home in Nashville, Indiana, up for sale in October of 2006 hoping to move to the warmer climate of Florida. Since the real estate market was challenging and we had not sold the house by May 2007, we decided to begin construction of our next dream boat, a Phil Bolger-designed Birdwatcher II. Several people suggested that if we were to start building a boat, an offer to buy our house would materialize and we would be challenged to move our construction site as well as our living quarters.

We worked on the hull in our driveway under a 12'x26' tent. We held a boat hull turning party in August 2007. We completed the framing of the upper deck before having to stop work because another winter was approaching. During the winter months we completed the mainsail and jib from a Sailrite kit. As usual, sewing the sail was a painless experience. The only challenge was sewing a 24.5' leech in our 24' living room.

We received an offer to purchase our home in February 2008, which we accepted. On March 2, it was a beautiful spring day and we set out on our BMW motorcycle for a ride. We had traveled the hills of southern Indiana for 200 miles and were heading home when we were hit broadside by a minivan. Rex suffered a compound fracture of his right leg. I was badly bruised but had no broken bones. Needless to say, this event put a halt to the boat building. The home sale was still in progress.

With a lot of help from family, we moved our household and two boats (one completed 16' Barto-designed Melon Seed and the Birdwatcher II) to Tallahassee, Florida. We intended to use Tally as home base to begin to look for a home. After a few weeks in a motel with all of our worldly goods stored in two storage sheds, we were lucky enough to find an apartment that had garages on site. We slowly moved everything that was in storage to the apartment and two garages. Rex's leg was still healing and he was rolling around in a wheelchair. We thoroughly searched the Tallahassee, Apalachicola, and Carrabelle areas but could not match our needs with housing and room for building boats.

I was diagnosed with breast cancer in July 2008. This was the reason for remaining in Tallahassee through the winter, which made us think that maybe we should go a lit-

## Frances E Sails

By Kathy Payne

tle further south, so we began looking again in Cedar Key, Chiefland, and areas further south. We were able to work on *Frances E* in the garage at the apartment and completed the hull and spars. I had surgery in September 2008. Rex's orthopedic doctor suggested another surgery on his leg to remove the hardware and put in a rod from his knee to his ankle. Rex had the surgery in March 2009.

We didn't get the sail rigging completed before the Cedar Key small boat gathering in early May, so we motored *Frances E* about during the event. Saturday morning was low wind so motoring *Frances E* was a good option. Roger Allen and Dave and Helen Lucas motored with us for a while. The wind began to pick up and they really wanted to go sailing so we took them back to shore. While at the Cedar Key small boat gathering, we were told that Phil would be proud of how we built his design. We hope that Susan Altenburger will also be proud of how the Birdwatcher II turned out.

After my chemotherapy and radiation treatments were completed, we contacted a realtor. We traveled to Spring Hill the day after my final radiation treatment. We met with the realtor, discussed our needs, and the realtor suggested a property not far from the realty office. We looked at the property and made an offer, and thus began the process of moving our worldly possessions again. We spent the rest of the summer working on the new place, building storage for our two boats other than under tarps and a utility shed/workshop.

Finally, on October 24 the West Coast Trailer Sailors were going to sail at Lake Eustis, so we decided to go there for *Frances E*'s first sail. Due to the light air conditions, the WCTS had a small turnout, we only met two boats from the group.

Anxiety was high as we first wet her bottom as a sailboat though the forecast was only calling for 4-8mph winds. We made the requisite number of errors rigging the first time, we had the boom incorrectly attached to the sail, the downhaul was not properly cleated, mainsheet was run through the ratchet block backwards, so we dropped the sail to start over. Finally all spars and lines seemed to be in order and *Frances E* got her first puff of wind as a sailboat. She was steady, fast, and delightful to sail dashing along at 3.5-6mph in light wind.

She looked very good with wind in her sail. On a broad reach the wind gets funneled into the cockpit, making for very pleasant sailing. Running downwind on an 85° day was slightly less breezy. The off-centerboard trunk spit at us a couple of times but not excessively. It was very intriguing to see the sheer within 6" of the waterline and know that water was not going to get into the cockpit. After four hours we noticed fewer sails on the lake and darker clouds so decided to head back the 2½ miles to the ramp. Naturally the wind was on the nose and it became apparent that this is a flat bottom boat due to the slap of the hull.

We have some things to work out as all boat owners do, but we are anticipating some wonderful sailing times in our Birdwatcher II. She does seem to attract attention wherever we tow her.

## Building Frances E

*Frances E* was built with meranti plywood over Philippine mahogany frames. All plywood is encased in fiberglass and epoxy. The windows are of Lexan. The mast, mast step, and mast partner were positioned in line with the off-centerboard case like the original Birdwatcher plan. The spars are Douglas fir.

The early stages were like this: Assemble the four frames and place them in their proper location on the building platform. The ¼" hull sides are laid out and cut to size per the construction drawings. Butt joints are glued to the panels on one side and then the panels are flipped and fiberglass is applied. The stems and sheer clamp have also been glued to the panels. At this point the 25' long panels are still very flexible two people are required to move them around.



Frames and hull sides.



Frames were beveled to receive the hull panels at locations drawings indicated. Phil laid out all of this information very accurately on the drawings. Temporary mechanical fasteners were used to hold the panels in place while the epoxy cured.

Attaching the beveled exterior chine and additional laminations to the sheer clamp.



NEW USED



### KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems—Old Town  
Necky—Ocean—Perception—Liquid Logic

### CANOES

Ranger—Old Town—Radisson  
Hundreds on Display

### FERNALD'S

On the River Parker  
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951  
(978) 465-0312





The 1" thick bottom attached and rounded over.



Two layers of 11oz glass were then applied.



The anti-slap pad provides another 2" of protection. We glassed with the 11oz cloth and then added a layer of 22oz matt and cloth with a graphite coating to help fend off unfriendly shores.



Kathie shaping the pad.

The stem, clipper bow, and anchor chock were all shaped, attached, and given a coat of paint. A little bottom paint and the boat was ready to be turned.



Gantries raised the boat off the building platform to a height that friends and family were able to turn the hull and place it on the trailer.



Now all of the miscellaneous pieces that take three times as long to put together as the hull itself begins. Assembling the centerboard trunk, foam for flotation in the stem compartments sealed below the slop wells.



110lbs of 1/2" steel laminated inside the core of the centerboard.



The aft deck with motor well and slop wells cut out.

The cabin sides, carlins, coaming going together. The frames that were first assembled provide the structure to attach to. Different types of clamps and lots of them are a necessity.



The slot down the center of the boat, 16' to the stern in a 23' boat.



Cabin top glassed and in place.



Standing in the center slot will provide a safe place to handle sails. The long narrow sharpie hull should prove fast and dry and provide shelter from the weather.



Kathie begins work on the sails that were pre-cut by Sailrite. We were very pleased with the kits and instructions they provided.

November, buttoned up for winter, no further work until we get moved to Tallahassee the second week of July 2008.





More foam on the hull sides.



A layer of  $\frac{3}{16}$ " meranti for the hull sides, this will be oil finished.



Gutters around edges to collect errant liquids are provided by flotation and another layer of plywood and fir framing.

Cabin doors that we later changed to a drop-in unit, we decided that the doors would be in our way .



Hard slot cover tops installed. Kathie has sewn a center slot cover from Sunbrella fabric to replace the hard center slot covers. They are good for storage and trailering but hard to deal with while on the water due to their weight and bulk.



More parts, rudder, and cabin top.

Rudder cheeks and slop well covers.



The Lexan installed.



What the Lexan is supposed to do, keep the rain on the outside of the boat.



The Lexan provides clear distortion-free viewing.

Gluing up fir for the mast and spars.





This is a long rig to pull down the road. We have found that Phil was a bit optimistic about fuel mileage estimates.




Real trailer sailing. Mast and spars complete in July 2009. Moving again, we wouldn't get to sail *Frances E* until late October.

Cabin sides are angled perfectly for comfortable sailing. Human ballast is where it should be, down low on the floor.



Kathie at the helm on Lake Eustis. Boat was very responsive and fast in the light air.





**SunCat**

**COM-PAC**

14' Picnic Cat  
17' Sun Cat  
Other models  
in stock

**FERNALD'S MARINE**  
On the River Parker  
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951  
(978) 465-0312

## SHAW & TENNEY

Orono, Maine



*...the World's finest Oars and Paddles,  
since 1858.*

Complement your boat and enhance your rowing experience with our traditional, solid wooden oars with hand sewn leathers. Spoon and Flat Blade oars, up to 21 feet in length. Spoons offered with cherry or walnut tips.

Handcrafted in Maine, used all over the world.

Visit [shawandtenney.com](http://shawandtenney.com) to view all of our products, including:

- Wooden Mass and Spars
- Bronze Rowing Hardware
- Adirondack Guide Boat Oars and Hardware
- Boat Hooks
- Handmade Brown Ash Pack Baskets and Creels
- Wooden Flagpoles

PO Box 213, Orono, Maine 04473 — 800-240-4867



Chesapeake Light Craft will be running 30 of their Build-Your-Own-Boat classes in locations around the country in 2010. Over the last 15 years, CLC boat building classes have launched 900 boats and introduced more than a thousand students to the joys of boat building. Professional instructors help students assemble their own boats from start to finish. Most classes are five-and-a-half days, a perfect one-week vacation, with a boat to take home at the end, ready for finish work.

In 2009 CLC ran more than 20 classes at sites in Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, Michigan, and California. CLC's boat building school partners include the WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine, the International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island, the Wooden Boat Foundation in Port Townsend, Washington, and the Great Lakes Boatbuilding School in Cedarville, Michigan.

Students work in lavishly equipped shops with professional boat builders at their sides and enjoy the positive energy (and extra hands) of a group setting. For those who bring helpers, classes are a rewarding and memorable parent-child or family experience. All of

## Build-Your-Own Boat Classes



the boat building classes take place in beautiful maritime locations: Annapolis, Newport, Port Townsend, Maine, and Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Students in 2010 can select from 13 CLC designs:

Paddlers get to choose from Shearwater sea kayaks, Chesapeake touring kayaks, Night Herons, Wood Ducks, Sassafras pack canoes, or Nick Schade's new recreational kayak design, the Ganymede.

Sailors may build the Skerry Daysailer, Passagemaker Dinghy, 8' Eastport Pram, or our new Northeaster Dory.

Two sliding-seat rowing boats are offered: the Annapolis Wherry and the Oxford Rowing Shell.

Also new in 2010 is a Kaholo Stand-Up Paddleboard Class, which will be held in Newport over the summer.

Those unfamiliar with the magic of stitch-and-glue boat building can see these week-long classes condensed into 90-second time-lapse videos at [clcboats.com/timelapse](http://clcboats.com/timelapse).

More information on Chesapeake Light Craft's Build-Your-Own-Boat classes can be found at [clcboats.com/classes](http://clcboats.com/classes).





As part of a course on lofting at the Hart Nautical Museum, Harold taught MIT students for three days to loft the *Maine* at a quarter scale from the model. While it was a good teaching tool, this lofting will be used as a preliminary sketch for the full scale lofting which will take place in late February and early March. The students were great and said they hope to come by for the frame-up and other activities coming soon!



The "graduates" from left to right: Kathleen O'Brien, Kimberly Santos, Kurt Hasselbalch (curator at the MIT Hart Nautical Museum), and in the front row Dave Cope and Leah Hokanson.

#### **Ernestina Slideshow at American Schooner Association Annual Meeting**

Harold attended the annual meeting of the American Schooner Association in early February in Mystic, Connecticut, always a

## **Boat Building with Burnham**

### **Lofting at the Hart Museum**

worthwhile place to visit for any shipwright. By arriving on Friday, it gave him time to tour Mystic Seaport, which was great to do in the off season. Harold was able to join a private tour of the whaling ship *Charles W. Morgan*, the last surviving American wooden whaling ship and the oldest American merchant ship afloat. Master shipwright Quentin Snidecker led the private group into the lower hold where the ceiling has been removed to expose the frames. The exposed frames of this 109' ship were lit with a soft light that, for Harold, was like viewing the Sistine Chapel.



The following day the ASA gathered for their meeting where Harold was the keynote speaker talking about his restoration work

on the schooner *Ernestina*. The group had assembled from Chesapeake Bay, Provincetown, Gloucester, and further afield, places which host schooner races during the summer and fall.

#### **Scottish Visitor**

Young Fergus Stuart from Edinburgh, Scotland, worked with Harold in late February on a four-week visit to the US. He found out about Harold through reading our blog (yeah!) and he works in Scotland using traditional wood construction techniques and is currently employed by a company that is undertaking the construction of the Robert "Robbie" Burns Memorial Museum north of Edinburgh. He got some great tips and bits of wisdom from Harold.

Fergus and Jeff Lane of Essex are pictured at the sawmill. Interestingly, Fergus told us that at his construction project in Scotland they buy a lot of wood from France. In cutting the timber, they don't encounter the nails that we do as much as they do old bullets still deeply impacted into the trees of France since both WWI and WWII.



## **Don't let minor repairs limit your time on the water.**

New WEST SYSTEM **Six10 Thickened Epoxy Adhesive** is the fastest way to make strong, lasting, waterproof repairs with epoxy. The dual-chambered, self-metering cartridge fits into any standard caulking gun. The static mixer delivers fully mixed, thickened WEST SYSTEM epoxy in the amount you need for the job at hand. No waste. No mess.

Six10 is uniquely formulated as a superior gap filling marine adhesive with the ability to wet out fiberglass, carbon fiber and other reinforcing materials. You can also use it to fill minor imperfections, or apply it as a protective coating.



Ready to use and easily stored with your gear, Six10 comes in a 190 ml cartridge, available for around \$20 from your local WEST SYSTEM Dealer. To learn more about Six10 or find a dealer near you, visit [www.westsystem.com](http://www.westsystem.com).

**Perfect epoxy for an imperfect world**

**WEST SYSTEM**

**866-937-8797**  
**[www.westsystem.com](http://www.westsystem.com)**

# ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

## Beginning our 19th Season!

Would you like to  
read more, lots more,  
about sea kayaking?

**SUBSCRIBE  
NOW!**

*Atlantic Coastal  
Kayaker* will bring  
you 36 pages monthly  
all about sea kayaking,  
8 times a year  
(March through  
December)

**All this  
for only \$24  
(8 issues)**

Like to see the next  
issue? Just ask.

### Subscription Order Form

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Send check for \$24 payable to:

***Atlantic Coastal Kayaker***  
P.O. Box 520,  
Ipswich, MA 01938  
(978) 356-6112  
(Phone & Fax)  
ackayak@comcast.net

By Bob Hicks

25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**

BAKER BOAT WORKS

## Carrying on the Tradition



Julia Ferguson rows one of Bob's pulling boats.

I met the late Bob Baker only once on a visit to Baker Boat Works down in Westport, Massachusetts, with friend Ron Ginger. Ron was interested in Bob's plans for *Samantha*, a lovely 27' schooner he designed in 1963, one later built by builder Sam Guild of Maine. I had seen that boat at Christmas Cove at a TSCA small craft meet, and it was so perfectly proportioned that out on a mooring it appeared to be a much larger craft than 27'. Ron had sailed over to the Cove on her with the Guilds and had fallen in love with the boat.

It developed that at that time the plans for *Samantha* were simply lines and off-sets, the construction details Bob had left to the builder. We sat in Baker's old house on the Boat Works property and talked awhile. Within another year Bob Baker met an untimely death from a brain tumor. Since 1944 he had been creating his elegant, classic designs, mostly small craft, and for many years he had done many restorations of older classics.

Baker Boat Works carries on with Bob's widow Pete, her son and daughter, and Bob's most recent protege, Julia Ferguson, building to order small craft, restoring older boats, and organizing Bob's files of plans into a systematic collection that could be made available to builders. This past winter I visited the shop again to see how this was all progressing. Pete and her crew had been exhibiting at the Wooden Boat Show where a special award had been presented to them in recognition of Bob's bygone efforts at restorations of valued classic old motor yachts by the Antique & Classic Boat Society.

The sign once painted on the roof of one of the buildings in the complex, which

was once a farm, was gone. On my earlier visit this sign had proclaimed the place as the "Dilettante Boat Works" in honor of a local zoning battle. When Bob first moved to the location, it was not zoned for a boat-yard type of business and he had to go before the local zoning board to obtain a special variance. One opponent was a woman who daily drove by and she expressed her opposition in one way by stating that Baker and his crew were "just a bunch of dilettantes anyway." So Bob painted the sign on the roof. Obviously he got the special variance, along with his revenge.

Inside the building shed this winter, one of those old frame farm buildings with lots of windows on the south and west and a wood stove at the northern end, one of Bob's sailing dinghy designs, *Bembo*, was on the building molds. Julia was at work, she is the boat builder now. She came to Baker's several years ago from the New Bedford technical high school where she had learned boat repair (fishing boat style) to take the place of a departing "apprentice." Bob taught her his ideas, methods, and ways, and after he died Pete asked her to stay on and carry on with the building work.

*Bembo* was named for Bob's youngest son by a former marriage, but later he changed the name to the North Shore Dinghy as a firm by that name undertook to build some in Maine. This is a nicely turned out 11' rowing and sailing dinghy, and one man who built one a number of years ago is yacht broker Bill Page of Camden, Maine. Bill had this to say in a recent letter to Pete when he learned that they were to again undertake to build the boat:

"*Nellie* (Bill's boat) is the ONE boat in which I would change absolutely nothing if I were to build her again and would not part with her at any price. Bob did an absolutely outstanding job when designing her. I was delighted to hear that you are going to build her and I wish you the best of luck. Many people have inquired concerning the origin of *Nellie* and I refer all inquiries to you."

When Bob's tumor became obvious as a terminal illness, he and Pete began to get his thoughts about all of his designs down on tape for a future book, since he had never gotten around to assembling this information in any formal way. They reviewed his plans from day to day, Pete asking him to explain his thinking and ideas, recording his responses on tape for future editing and publication (now in a long process). The discussion on *Bembo* was as follows:

"Is this *Bembo*?"

"Yes."

"Is this boat designed from a traditional idea or is it completely your own design?"

"It is mostly my own work but I suppose the Bahamian dinghy scared me a little bit."

"What influence did the Bahamian dinghy have on this design?"

"Mostly the shape of her transom and the shape of her bow. We were down there when I did her. Those damn little boats were all over the place."

"Was the shape of her transom or the shape of her bow something you felt was significant for the shape of a boat?"

"Well, I think to a certain extent. They were beautiful."

"Did you feel that she would fit in these waters?"

"Well, I thought the shape of the bow and the shape of the stern would fit in any of these waters."

"So you feel it was successful?"

"I certainly do. I think she is one damn fine boat."

"Could it be made bigger or smaller?"

"I suppose it would stretch. I don't want to do it. I hate trying to stretch boats. You always end up with a compromise. It is not good. This boat just the way she is does just exactly what she is supposed to. She carries her people. She rows. She sails. Why not just leave her alone?"

"*Bembo* plans are for sale... construction plans and everything?"

"Yes. The construction plans are a little strange. I want to talk to somebody about that."

"In what sense are the construction plans strange?"

"She has an off-center centerboard and I didn't draw the thing quite the way I wanted to."

"What would you change?"

"The way things were fitted. The fitting of it."

"Were the Bahamian boats built with an off-center centerboard?"

"No."

"Why did you design an off-center centerboard?"

"More room."

"What more room did you get?"

"Leg room and things inside."

"So was it sort of a test?"

"Yes, it was a complete test."

"If you built it again would you build an off-center centerboard?"

"I think so."

"What would you do differently If you say you weren't happy with it?"



"I'd copy the construction of T and G's boat."

"So it's the constructional method of the centerboard case?"

"Yes."

"T and G's boat is the Whitehall named *Rescue*?"

"Not an exact copy of *Rescue*. I changed her in places... had to tinker! The off-center case construction is the only thing bothering me about the boat *Bembo*. I'd like Paul to help on that as he has great knowledge of centerboard cases. I named it *Bembo* for my youngest son. Changed to North Shore Dinghy because that was who was building her."

Bob Baker is gone now, but his legacy of creative design of lovely traditional boats exists in his drawings and in his commentary on them. I know little about the constraints of designing boats, but I know what quickens my pulse in a beautiful boat. When I saw *Samantha* that fall in Christmas Cove my pulse quickened. Just beautiful. I could never hope to build such a boat but I sure could still fall in love with her. And Bob's small boats, like *Bembo*, have that same air of gracefulness and beauty.

Pete, Steve, and Julia are determined to carry on Bob's work. Pete, who admits to little knowledge of boat building (she restores old houses) is putting together Bob's lifework into publishable form. Steve, who is a professional naval architect, is finishing off the details on the plans as well as designing his own small boats now, and Julia is out in the shop building the boats Bob dreamed up.

*Nellie* under sail (Bill Page's *Bembo*).







NorseBoat Ltd has built six traditional whaleboats in our Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, shop for a remake of the film classic *Moby Dick* by Herbert Kloiber's Tele Munchen, a German film company.

The boats were built of spruce strip planking and epoxy with one layer of glass cloth on the outside of the hull and ash frames and a partial second layer of spruce planking on the inside of the hull. Five of the

## NorseBoat Builds Whale Boats for Film *Moby Dick*

boats were 23' long. The sixth was 28' with twin outboards mounted midships in a concealed central pod and carried mounting locations for cameras under the seats. Movie set designers completed the finish work of the boats to make them look like well-worn whaling boats from the 19th century.

NorseBoat received the contract in July 2009, based on their ability to build high-quality reproductions of classic boats within tight budget and time constraints. The building was supervised by NorseBoat shipwright Scott Dagley. By late September six completed whale boats were shipped to the Mediterranean island of Malta where much of the filming of sea scenes took place. Malta was selected because it has one of the world's largest cinema-



graphic ponds, adjacent to the Mediterranean Sea. Most of the land-based scenes were filmed in Shelburne and Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

The budget for the *Moby Dick* remake was \$25 million, reportedly the most expensive project in Tele Munchen's 40-year history. The film is a two-part TV mini-series and is expected to air in 2011. William Hurt (*Robin Hood*, *Kiss of the Spider Woman*), portrays the peg-legged Captain Ahab of the whaler *Pequod* and Ethan Hawke (*Staten Island*, *Training Day*) plays first mate Starbuck.



## The Apprenticeshop

Celebrating 35 Years of Traditional  
Craftsmanship & Quality Wooden Boats

Contact us  
about  
2-year  
Apprenticeships,  
Custom  
Internships,  
or if you are  
interested in  
having a  
boat built.



ASK ABOUT  
SCHOLARSHIP

## Atlantic Challenge

CRAFTSMANSHIP • SEAMANSHIP • COMMUNITY  
643 Main Street • Rockland, Maine  
207-594-1800 • atlanticchallenge.com

## BURNHAM BOAT BUILDING & DESIGN



PHOTO BY TODD HARRINGTON

11 BURNHAM CT.  
P.O. Box 541  
ESSEX, MA 01929  
978-768-2569

BURNHAMBOATBUILDING.COM

**CAPT. HAROLD A. BURNHAM**  
DESIGNER, SAWYER, SHIPWRIGHT,  
AND SAILMAKER





In my shop, what shop? A few years back my dad was moving from the Apple Valley home that we had built to a new home that he had built for himself at a residential air park about 20 miles south. He spent his last years there and they were good years. He was really down on moving day and he told me that as a kid in Michigan he was taught that two moves equal a burnout. My dad got over the move and finished the airplane that he was building and he and my mother settled in right next to the runway at the air park. He could keep his airplanes at home in a hanger that we built.

I remembered his words after my burnout. Yes, I had a fire and now I'm the one who is really down. Early this year I was getting ready to refinish *Ratty's Boat* and I had it in my shop getting warm. I had varnished the deck and turned the boat to start on the bottom. My shop was a concrete building on three sides. It was rather slow to warm up with a small wood stove and I had spent the morning going out and stoking the stove. In the early afternoon I went out to start working on the boat and discovered some flame in the wooden ceiling next to the chimney flashing. I immediately knew that some of the sawdust that was used as insulation had caught on fire.

My first reaction was to put the fire out myself. I had a back door into the attic so I grabbed a shovel and ran around and opened that door. The fire was just waiting for some more air and when it got some, a lot of really toxic smoke began to pour out. I closed the door and called 911 with my cell phone. The firemen came and dragged several hoses through the knee-deep snow and put the fire out. At least we thought they had. The fire marshal suggested that I come out and check on it a few times, just in case. I made several trips out there that evening and noticed water dripping out of the ceiling in many places and ice forming on the ceiling. I felt safe and after a 9:30 check I felt that the problems were over. Wrong.

About 4am I was awakened by a city policeman who was at the door to let me know that the building was on fire. By this time the entire attic area was in flame. The firemen came back and this time they tore most of the roof off to get at the fire. They got it out this time. It was daylight by the time they left. The fire marshal was back looking it over and asked me to leave it as is until he and the insurance adjuster had a chance to look over the cooled remains.

The adjuster seemed like an OK guy. The building he wrote off. The contents were



## In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

a different story. They had to be listed along with model numbers and such pertinent info. They wanted a replacement cost and the age of each item. They would prorate the value of any tools and other losses. What is a Craftsman table saw that my dad bought in the mid-40s worth?

Fifty years ago I owned a sea bag and one set of civvies. Since the fire I have pulled a half-ton of hand tools out of the ashes and about a ton of assorted power tools. I didn't know that I owned so much stuff. I have been busy each evening cleaning up tools and moving the small stuff to my basement for temporary storage. I am a hoarder by nature. As I got more and more out of the ashes I began to ask myself if I really needed to save that coffee can full of assorted nuts and bolts. I stared through a rack that held some nice long wooden boards that were to become sheer clamps and gunnels and the likes. What had been nice 16' boards now were charred through about 6' from one end. A pile of mahogany that I salvaged from an old Chris Craft didn't fare much better.

I know by now some of you are wondering, how about the boat. Oh yes, the boat. I'm happy to tell you that *Ratty's Boat* survived. It got coated with a lot of dirty ice but I found no other damage. A little paint should fix it.

Many of my large tools survived. I did lose a large air compressor that sat in an attached lean-to and the jury is still out on the old table saw. That saw got a lot of water damage.

Is Bob's Boats out of business? I hope not. Seventy boats came out of that shop and I don't plan to spend the rest of my life without a shop large enough to build small boats. I am just not sure where it will be. I don't think it will be on the same foundation. I have been looking at my basement. The man that I bought the house from had planned to put a garage downstairs. He laid the foundation blocks in such a way that a 10' opening could easily be made allowing for a garage entrance at ground level. When I see the check from the insurance company I will decide what kind of shop I will have. Right now it is mid-February and I probably won't start until the snow has gone away.



MAAS ROWING SHELLS  
AB INFLATABLES  
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES  
HONDA OUTBOARDS  
THULE RACKS  
ROWING INSTRUCTION  
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340  
(860) 536-6930

## TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON  
PORCELAIN ENAMELED  
WOOD BURNING  
HEATING & COOKING  
COMPACT

## NAVIGATOR STOVES

409 Double Hill Rd.  
East Sound, WA 98245  
(360) 376-5161



# By-The-Sea

[www.by-the-sea.com](http://www.by-the-sea.com)

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: [info@by-the-sea.com](mailto:info@by-the-sea.com)

This is the *Emma Maersk*, owned by a Danish shipping line. What a ship, no wonder "Made in China" is displacing North American-made goods big time. This monster transports goods across the Pacific in about five days!!!

This is how WalMart gets its stuff from China, 15,000 containers and a 207' deck beam! The crew size: 13 people on a ship longer than a US aircraft carrier (which has a crew of 5,000). This beam cannot fit through the Panama or Suez Canals, it is strictly trans-Pacific. Cruise speed: 31 knots. The goods arrive four days before the typical container ship (18-20 knots) on a China to California run. So this behemoth is hugely competitive when carrying perishable goods.



## Behold... A Really Big Boat!

The ship was built in five sections; the sections floated together and then welded. The command bridge is higher than a ten-story building and has 11 cargo crane rigs that can operate simultaneously.

### Additional Info:

Country of Origin: Denmark  
Length: 1,302'  
Beam: 207'  
Net Cargo: 123,200 tons  
Engine: 14-cylinder in-line Diesel engine (110,000bhp)  
Cruising Speed: 31 knots  
Cargo Capacity: 15,000 TEU (1 TEU = 20 cu ft)  
Crew: 13  
First Trip: September 8, 2006  
Construction Cost: US \$145,000,000+  
Silicone painting applied to the ship's bottom reduces water resistance and saves 317,000 gallons of Diesel fuel per year

A documentary on the History Channel noted that nearly all of these containers are shipped back to China EMPTY. Yep, that's right. We send nothing back on most of these ships. What does that tell you about the current financial state of this country? Just keep buying those imported goods (mostly gadgets) until you run out of money.

## Hugh Ware Comments...

I hadn't seen all of this sequence of photos but I do know the ship and the *Emma* is certainly impressive. The eight ships of this class may be the world's longest ships but other firms now have ships that hold slightly more containers. Measuring container capacity is tricky because the nominal unit is the 20' container (TEU) but actual containers can range up to 53' long and vary in height and even shape (pallets with tanks, etc. Wikipedia has an interesting entry for the *Emma* that describes several ways in which TEU capacity can be measured.)

The *Emma* and her sisters were built in Denmark at Maersk's Odense yard (now closed because even Maersk cannot build its own ships cheaper there than elsewhere). That ended a 900-year tradition of building big ships in Denmark.

The *Emma* had a fire in its accommodation area as it neared completion. It was removed and replaced by the accommodation for the second ship and the launching was a few weeks late.

The *E's* and ships like them cannot use the Panama Canal and are confined to using a few ports, partly because of depth of water, availability of super cranes that can reach across their extraordinary beam, and the infrastructure required to handle massive batches of containers arriving or departing at close intervals.

Contrary to what this info states, the ships serve Europe from the Far East and the Suez Canal IS used. "Net Cargo" tonnage is a measure of volume, not weight-carrying capacity. And if the ship has 11 cranes, I don't know where they are located or what they would be used for. The *E's* may be capable of 31 knots but Maersk is using speeds as low as 14 knots (and has explored down to 10 knots) to minimize fuel consumption.



# Super Dink

By Jim Thayer  
Sharon Brown Photo



Sporadically, over the past couple of years, I have talked up the notion of racing small boats (nominally eight-footers) in the confines of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum inner harbor at St Michaels, Maryland. I have suggested that a new class be delineated by one measurement, hull length.

By using a pram bow along with a reverse transom, it is possible to build a hull over 8' long without scarfing 8' ply. Since one might be inclined to use imported plywood, which is slightly over 8', I decided to limit hull length to 8'6". So the brief is; anything goes on a sail-powered hull less than 8'6" between perpendiculars. To deal with the first rule beater that comes to mind, we had better specify that beam must be less than length. But the idea here is to have good, clean fun and avoid all the nonsense involved in "real" racing. I would hope that the boats are wholesome enough that they would be suitable for day sailing or even cruising. Now let's forget the program and get on with the project.

We have had such a fearsome winter this year here in Colorado that I have yet to get started myself. Therefore, I will spare you any exhortations to get busy. However, if you live down south, have a heated garage, or a wife understanding about the family room, you can pitch right in and follow along.

You are going to design this boat yourself, so rest assured that is easily doable. There won't be any need for drafting table, splines, ducks, CadCam or all that there stuff. We are going to design the boat full size so we will get two birds with one stone. My suggestion is to get a sheet of 4'x10' drywall, two 10' 2"x4"s, and a bunch of 1"x4"s to build sawhorses.

Designing the sawhorses is a nice starter project. Make the top a "T" section with legs braced into it. They should be about 2' high because we will also use them to build the boat. You might want to make the two of unequal length so that they will stack when not in use. The challenge is to cut them so that there is zero waste. Before you hack them all up, find a clear edge and on your table saw rip a batten about 3/16" or 1/4" thick. Hold it up and see if it bends fair. Better cut two so you can split one for a nice limber piece to draw the body plan. To economize you could

do the lofting on the building plywood or on butcher wrap on the dining room table.

So here we go. Draw a baseline parallel to the long edge of your drafting board, up a couple of inches from the bottom. Everything will be measured from this line. Now erect a vertical line near the lefthand end of the sheet. Label it AP (aft perpendicular). Measure 8'6" to the right and erect a second vertical line and label it FP. You have probably decided to make a nice "T" square to draw lines clear across the sheet. It will slide right along the bottom of your sheet if you haven't dinged it up too badly. To look ahead a bit, we are going to draw a side view of the boat at the bottom of our sheet, a top view of half the boat above it, and cross sectional views at the far end.

Now to start this daunting intellectual process. The first line is going to be the bottom profile. You must decide how much rocker to give her. How heavy is the crew? Is there any chance of her planing? Probably not often, if ever. Do you want to keep the transom out of the water? This is the time to look at various plans or actual boats. Then it's time to suck it up, deploy your long batten, anchor it with full beer cans or other weights, and fiddle with it till you like the looks of it. You can draw in the rake of the bow and stem transoms. These short boats typically have a bow transom, but you can go for a stem and hollow waterlines if you like. I seem to remember that Bolger had a little shorty called Queen Mab that you might look at.

The photo shows my Wee Punkin planing across Newport harbor. That pile of water in front indicates the need for a sharp bow or else a lot of buoyancy forward, depending on how you read it. Next, you can decide on a depth amidships and spring your batten for a nice, sheer line. I just checked the Punkin plans and was surprised to find she is 18" deep amidships. That is probably more than most.

It just so happens (a little serendipity is always welcome) that while catching up on my *WoodenBoat* mags, I ran across in the May/June issue, #196, p44, an article by Harry Bryant on designing a small boat. It is just the sort of thing we are undertaking, although a tad more complex. If you have a pile, check it out. Be warned, he'll have no truck with a reverse transom. He stresses taking a hard look at similar designs. There are few, if any, breakthroughs or really new ideas when it comes to small boats. Yours should look pretty much like all the rest.

On p39 of the same issue, Harry suggests lofting a boat at one quarter scale to save space. I once designed a 20-footer at one quarter scale with butcher wrap on the counter at my father-in-law's store. It came out fair with no problem. However, at 8' it's not worth scaling up a small drawing.

Something we could do now, since you are also the builder, is check to make sure we can get our planks out of our plywood without splicing. Our man in Easton had to cut planks diagonally from a sheet to get one long enough. Actually, a Payson splice is hardly any trouble.

We are off and running. Getting started, much the hardest part of most projects, is now behind us. The next step, choosing the shape of the midsection, calls for some thought. Shall she be flat bottomed, round bottomed, slab sided, or have lots of flare? Be thinking about that and we'll get together next month.

## KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull  
Traditional looking Yacht Tender  
Specially Designed for Ease of  
Rowing and Minimum Drag When  
Towing  
Row & Sail Models

**BAY of MAINE BOATS**

P.O. Box 631 • Kennebunkport, ME 04046 • 207/967-4298  
43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W

## Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet

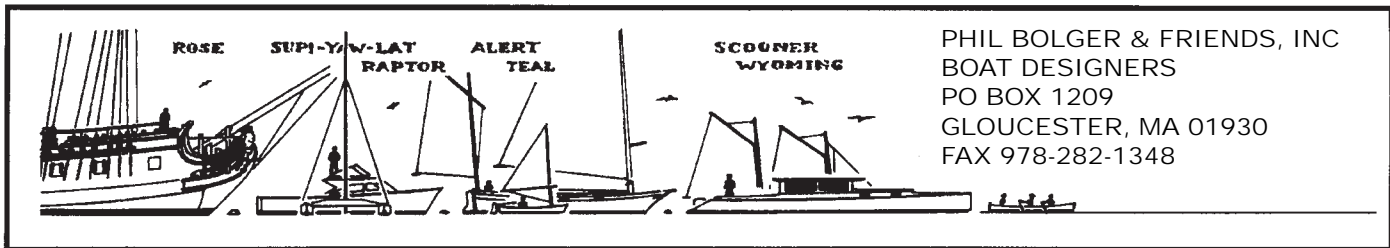


A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantadosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

## Wing Systems

P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3  
Oyster Bay, NY 11711  
For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC  
BOAT DESIGNERS  
PO BOX 1209  
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930  
FAX 978-282-1348

Last year in February Phil and I had gone to check out the Cape Cod Boat-Builder Show and meet with Walter Baron of the Old Wharf Dory Company. Phil and Walter had known each other for a long time and would meet if and when.

Mid-March we were again in need to get out for a day and drove to Wellfleet on the Massachusetts Bay side of Cape Cod to visit with Walter at his shop. A good talk around the kitchen table about a few boat-building prospects were on our minds. Like the February trip, it was another attempt to somehow brighten our days, and on both occasions Walter was good to be with; we would not burden him with our personal travails.

The Cape Cod chart in his boat shop suggested a brief posing of Phil's. Walter proposed that we should check out the old power-catamaran in the storage yard for some maintenance down the road. On the opposite page is the brief feature on her in the April 15th, 1993 issue of *MAIB* in the then typical one-page format. Walter confirms that he had built her between December 1985 and March 1986, with Phil agreeing to a 2' stretch along her mid-section for extra load-carrying capacity. She

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### Clamshell Carrier Power-Catamaran Update on Design #480

22'x12'4"x2x70hp max.



Phil at Old Wharf Dory in March 2009.

has been in steady commercial duty over the 24 years since, dumping countless loads of empty-shells.

She is a good example of Phil and Walter taking the notion of a power-catamaran into a different, very purpose-driven direction: Go out slow with a 3-ton load, open the trap-door amidships to rapidly dump the freight, and then storm home planing at full power. The logic was that a heavy slow barge might carry more but not be home as fast. The catamaran could make up with speed the difference in carrying capacity by doing additional runs as needed. Over these many years she has worn out several outboards, starting out with a set of 55hp two-strokes and now running on two Honda 50s with 4-bladed props. Build to fairly light scantlings in ply she stood up well and will be at work again this year, once the ice is out of Wellfleet Harbor.

Plans for Design 480 on three sheets of 17"x22" are listed by Phil at \$200 to build one boat, rolled in a tube and sent out priority mail from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

Next issue will feature the last article Phil would write.

Phil and Walter Baron at the Cape Cod Boat Builders' show in February, 2009. Three views showing the load carrying capacity afforded by the catamaran hulls.







### Part 3: Mounting and Sailing

My sail design (rectangular, shaped by battens, in a tubular frame) was working well and a pair of them side by side delivered good performance, but I needed to mount them on my Hobie kayak in a way that kept the center of effort as low as possible but allowed me to do some fun sailing with the usual tacking, jibing, etc. The problem here is, of course, the sail frames at 28"x48" are wider than the distance between them (14" center to center on my design), so if mounted vertically to pivot on masts they wouldn't clear each other when they came around to pass centerline, and tacks and jibes would hang up.

I looked at various ways of solving this, and came up with a method that I believed would work, but had to make a small model of it first to really understand things in 3D. Each sail is mounted on its own mast and the two masts are mounted vertically at each end of a turnbar. The turnbar has a single mounting shaft in the center that goes down into the mast hole in the hull. The turnbar rotates back and forth between two positions at 180 degrees apart with a simple catch/release so I can pull the catch lever, rotate the turnbar 180, and it automatically locks into position again.



I made a plastic guard disc to keep my fingers out of the rotating catch/turnbar and ran a line from the catch lever around close to my left hand. Two adjustable links made out of aluminum and attached between the sailframes at the leech top and bottom connect the sailframes so they move together. Since each sail performs as both "main" and "jib," depending on the tack, they need to be the same size and have a good foil shape whether pulled in or pushed out (like most sails). I mounted a short length of line with a large knot at the end along the bottom tube of each sailframe for the main "sheets." There are no cleats, blocks, etc, the sheet is just held at the knot since it doesn't handle large forces. I got large line and drizzled epoxy on the knot so it wouldn't come loose. I've also tried experimenting with a solid, wishbone boom-like control, but for now the simple line seems best.

The Twinsail system can stand (literally) alone as a unit. The sailframes slip on to the two masts on the turnbar when ready to

## Evolution of the Twinsail Rig

By Steve Curtiss  
curtoid@ix.netcom.com

sail. One mast pin is longer than the other to make aligning them easier. Once the sails are on, the boat can be left upright or tipped on its side until ready to go out. As noted on construction, since I have machine shop equipment at my disposal, I tend to make things out of aluminum or plastic, but they could be just as easily be made out of simpler hardware store/lumber yard materials.



Tacks and jibes are the same basic move (except the wind has a bit more leverage on a jibe, so some care is required). To tack, for example, I turn toward the wind, pull the catch release, reach forward and grasp the leech rod of the forward sail, pull the turnbar around 180 degrees until it clicks in, and set off on the new tack. If the boat is slow to come around, I can hold the sails at the half-way point (which is like backing the jib) and the bow will blow around quickly. Jibing is the same, except a little more care is taken to get the wind directly behind first, pull the sails to centerline, release and pull around, and set new course. It takes just a few times to get used to and I feel more comfortable with these moves in my narrow kayak than I did with a conventional rig in a much wider El Toro I used to own.

As for general performance, the Twinsail rig is surprisingly powerful and easy to handle. In light winds (5-10kts), the boat is really relaxing and fun to sail. It points well, tacks and jibes easily, and draws onlookers, especially kids and engineers, like flies. When the wind gets a bit stiffer (9-14 kts), the center of effort and tipy factor is low so I can keep sailing instead of pulling the boat off the lake, like I had to do with the conventional Hobie sail kit. It's pretty quick on a close reach, tacks through about 95 degrees, but is fastest on a broad reach. At 12-14kts my standard 18.7sf total area Twinsail rig will drive the Hobie kayak hull to its maximum hull speed, which is 4.8-5.1kts. What happens at hull speed for a displacement or non-planing hull is that it begins to dig itself a hole, pushing a bow wave out front that gets deeper and deeper.

The Hobie is a good kayak, which means it has a hull shape that keeps it on track. This means it has a bit of a keel on centerline of the hull, which prevents it from planing and limits top speed. If the wind increases (13-18kts) I can reef to 16sf and keep sailing with the windsurfers. I have tacked and jibed in a big circle repeatedly in gusty 15kt conditions with the reefed sail and it's comfortable.



If things get too squirrely or I'm not paying attention and capsize, the sails have foam flotation on the top tube (pipe insulation from the hardware store) so the boat can't turn turtle. The Hobie is a self-bailing sit-on-top so I can flop up on it like a seal getting on a rock (actually a pretty uncoordinated seal) and get things going again without bailing. If I happen to lose track of the sheet and the sails get out of my grip, I just turn the rudder, come upwind a bit, and the sails and sheets come back in close for me to grab.

As a technical matter why does the Twinsail system work? The rectangular sails are simple, without angled surfaces, perforations, boom connections, vang, or lines for reefing. They have good lift and not much drag, which could be even less if the leech tube were a thinner, flatter shape (a future experiment). Putting the two sails together in a compact jib/main type arrangement gives good flow in the slot between them and enhances the total performance.

In my latest experiments the distance center to center of the two masts was increased to 19" from 14", which gave more stability to the sail shapes, and the length of the links was increased to 21". The links being longer than the center to center of the masts allows the sail in the position of the "main" to be at a closer angle to the boat centerline than the sail in the "jib" position. This mimics big boat sail trim and seems to work better than the sails being exactly parallel. I also added windows made from scrap windsurfer sail material to my white sails and had a friend make up little larger set of reefable sails in blue.

The forces from the rig are at a low CE height above the water (approx 3.5') so the tipping moment is low for a given wind

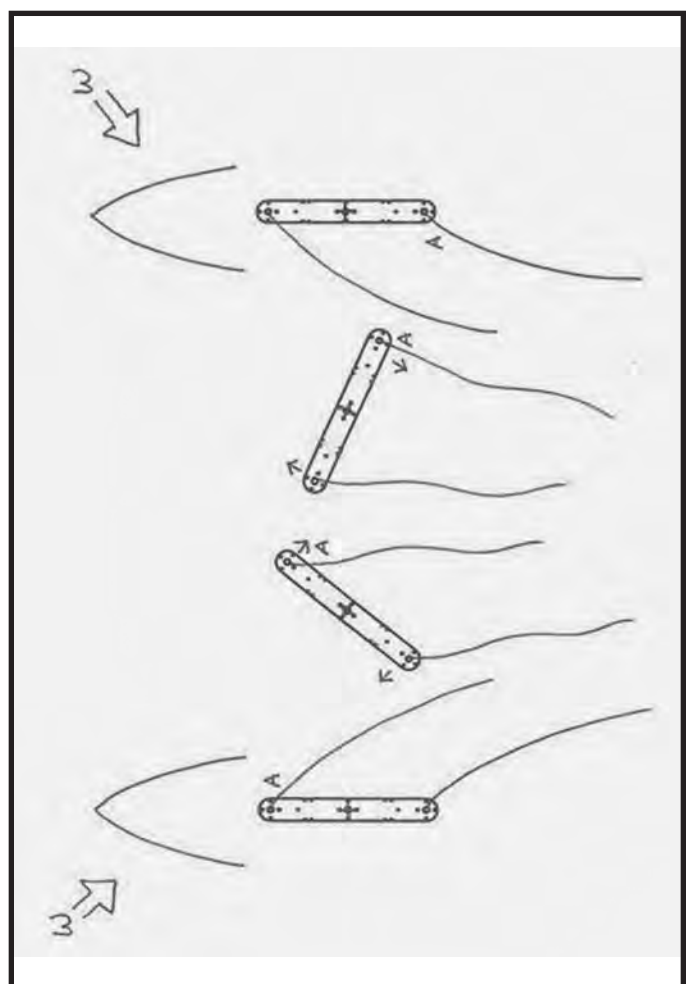
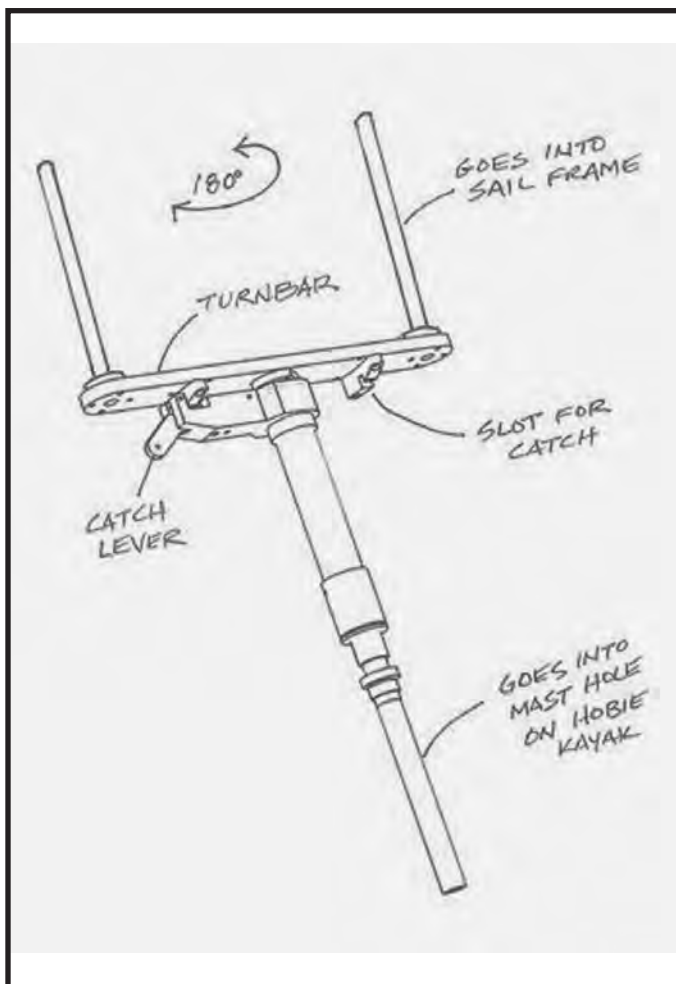
speed. It would take a graduate engineering student, a wind tunnel, and probably a year to figure out exactly what's going on with the rig, wind, hull, and water, but I'm content to use a few rough numbers and a lot of playing around, following what seems to work. If I want to experiment, I pull the boat up on the lawn at the lake and move the hull around relative to the wind, holding the sheet and peeking around at the sail shapes. Very low budget research.

Like anything in the real world, however, there are some downsides. This rig is experimental with a lot of unknowns, and as the de-

signer I'm not recommending it for others to build and use. I'm just reporting on my experience with it, which is by definition incomplete. Small boats out on the water can be quite dangerous and require knowledge and focus on safety and seamanship at all times. Having said that, I have experienced very few problems with the rig and the negatives so far have been small. I can get my fingers pinched in the links that connect the sail frames. The boat is not at rest pointed into the wind because that's where the frames are close to overlap. At this point in time the sail frames are not designed to be easily dropped or doused while on the

water. The forces on the indexing mechanism and on the main sheets limit this design to small boats and small sail areas only.

So, if you want to play with this design you are on your own responsibility entirely and I assume no liability for your experiments or results, but I would be glad to answer questions and discuss what has worked or not worked for me so far. I hope to continue development on this rig in the future, and maybe reading about it may help to get the creative juices flowing for messers out there. Whatever you do, continue playing with boat ideas and keep the sails up!





# Bob Halsey

(1917-2010)

Master of Many Trades

By Marilyn Vogel

Reprinted from *The Canoe Sailor*

Bob was a canoeist all his life, in his heart and in his sleep. He didn't just paddle a canoe; he designed and built a canoe. Then he raced in whitewater and did very well in the 1970s. Bob traveled the canoe club circuit to do the big rivers, the New and the Gauley in West Virginia. His friend Hank said, "Bob and his son Dan must be the only people in the world who have ever rolled a Grumman canoe!" Skilled paddlers often do Eskimo rolls in kayaks or closed canoes, but whoever heard of rolling a Grumman?

One of Bob's daughters said Bob did an "ender" in a kayak a long time ago before it was ever heard of. An "ender" is done by a kayaker in heavy whitewater by placing himself in his kayak vertically in a large circling wave. Ten years later teenagers discovered how to do that.

All the children and grandchildren in Bob's large family are very capable canoeists and campers. Later Bob taught canoeing and became President of the Keelhaulers Canoe Club. After that he went on to become Chairman of the Ohio-Penn Division of the American Canoe Association (ACA).

On behalf of his ACA activities, Bob leased property from the state park system where the Pymatuning Sail Club east end is now. It bordered the American Red Cross property which was used for sail instruction. When the Pymatuning Sail Club took the lease for the Red Cross property, they also got the lease for the adjacent property from Halsey.

Later on in life Bob took up canoe sailing. He always showed up for 25 years. He traveled to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Canada for sail canoe races. He loved heavy weather sailing, even in his late 80s. At that point he rested up after some big races at Sugar Island, home of the American Canoe Association, on the St Lawrence River. There were times he took off in his homemade sail canoe and scooted over the waves like he was airborne! He didn't do any turkey jibes either, just sailed the whole course in his heavy weather stripper canoe.

Bob became a leader in the ACA sailing program, writing our first bylaws, writing action adventure and how-to articles for the *Canoe Sailor* newsletter. He helped newcomers by supplying materials for making metal masts and also rig plans. When he turned 80 he said he didn't want to do all that volunteer work all the time any more. Then he met his second wife, Ada, on the line dancing circuit. Of course, they went to national conventions for square dancing and round dancing. They lived happily ever after.

One of the nicest things about tall, quiet, unassuming Bob was that he could fix anything on the spot. He repaired cars, designed metal rudder brackets, and whatever was needed. At the Pymatuning Sail Club one time someone broke their wooden mast. At the bottom it seemed worn down, too damp and useless. Bob came in from the morning race and looked at it. He said, "Turn it upside down and use the top of the mast for the bottom. Here, let me help you with that!" After lunch the guys were out sailing just fine.



In his earlier life, after his military service, Bob Halsey was a third mate and first class pilot on the Great Lakes iron ore steamboats, Head electrician, sheet metal worker, and did the work of an engineer.

Bob's family, which includes 11 great-grandchildren, miss him terribly as we all do.

## Some Memories of Bob Halsey

By Dan Reiber

What does remembering Bob Halsey bring to mind? For me, lots of good memories involving the sport of canoe sailing. I remember asking him, "What's it like, Bob, to sail a canoe?"

"Here, take one of mine for a spin," was his reply. So I did and got hooked.

A canoe sailing Nationals was coming up in a couple of weeks. I didn't have a canoe. Bob lent me one of his. I think that he had made it himself. It was a cedar wood-strip canoe. He even coached me on the nuances of how to sail it. I didn't win any prizes, but I may have beaten Bob in the overall standings. He coached me well!

He was truly a genuine guy, always there to help, steadily setting a good example. He had been the architect for building the sail canoe fleet at PSC. At one point in the 1980s it was the largest fleet at the club. He made sure that everyone was learning while having fun. This was before I became a member, so some of this is what I remember from what others had to say.

You may remember reading an article in *Down Wind* about Bob's competing in the Mug Race, a 40-mile, all-day race up the St Johns River to Jacksonville. (*In recent years Bob sent his report on his experiences in this race to us also.*—Ed). This was a gruelling race, I know because I sailed it once accom-

panying Bob, each in our separate canoe. It typically starts in light air for half the race. Then when you are getting tired the wind whips up to whitecap conditions, right on your nose. To add to the drama, there weren't many places to exit the race if you needed to. I think that Bob competed more than a half dozen times in the golden years of his 80s!

A couple of years ago Gaye and I visited Bob and Ada in Florida. He took me for a sail in the mangrove channels near Naples where he lived in the winter. He was 90. Didn't seem to me that he was slowing down much. Then last summer he competed in the Sam Myers Regatta and won the C-class Championship Trophy. This trophy was specially carved out of a large block of wood by a canoe champion from a photo taken of Bob sailing his homemade canoe in whitecap conditions. Turns out he was the first person to win it and then won it again in his last year of racing sailing canoes.

What a man! What an example! What great memories he gave us all!





Although it's been over 25 years, I can still vividly remember my first "gam" with David and Peter Duff! My wife and I had decided to move back home to Cape Cod from Nyack, New York, where I had served as business manager of Nyack College. Having been a sailor all my life, I was following a lifelong dream to build boats and had applied to various builders in the area. Edey and Duff's reply interested me the most, and at the end of the "gam" David, who, because of Peter's health, had been given the job of managing the boatyard, commented that, "if I wanted to learn how to grind fiberglass, let's give it a try."

I joined Edey and Duff in March 1985 building Dovekies. David, who had built the first Dovekies, was my teacher, mentor, coach, and critic, and soon I was "grinding out" these great boats as well as working on the new Shearwater and the many other projects that were going on at the boatyard. Even though David actually managed the boatyard, Peter was very much in the picture due to the development of the new Shearwater and it was hectic at times, but David handled it well. Shearwater was launched and all continued to progress.

With the lagging economy, times were not easy and the sale of the company added to the weight of David's responsibilities. But Edey and Duff was growing and even close friends of the company didn't realize how many boats were being added under David's leadership, some of which were Fatty Knees dinghies, Stuart Knockabouts, New Bedford whaleboats (for the Saudi Arabian navy, no less!), Columbia Tenders, Sakonnet 23s, etc.

David's gut feelings were also a plus, as illustrated by the development of the Conch 27 outboard fishing boat. Even though Edey and Duff was primarily a sailboat builder, he had heard of the need for a fishing boat for the Key West sport fishing guides that could be customized to their particular style of fishing and felt that we could do it! When we

## David Davignon Ebb Tide...

By Bill Haberer  
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*



went to the Miami boat show that year, David went on to Key West and arranged a meeting with many of the guides. The result was the Conch 27 sport fishing boat that was a success right up to the latest Florida hurricane just a few years ago, which totally destroyed the manufacturing facilities in Key West and ended construction.


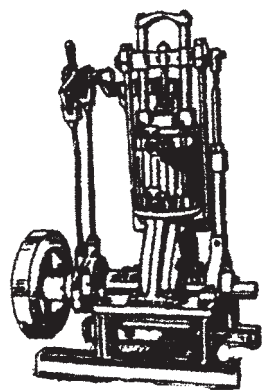
Another gut feeling was the pretty Sakonnet 23, a Joel White design which David spotted as a real winner for Edey and Duff. I found out that the first boat was being built wood at a small boatyard in Wisconsin and made arrangements to use the finished hull as the plug for a fiberglass mold. A group from E&D went out in the middle of the snowy winter, brrrrr, and laid up the mold. I stopped on the way back from the Minneapolis boat show with the Suburban on a very cold day, and picked over the leftover material that had

been shipped out in advance. The job was completed and the hull mold turned out fine. I forget the number of boats David told me have been built to date the last time we talked, but it has been so successful that they are in the process of building a Sakonnet 30!

I could go on and on, but much of the continued success of this little "special" boatyard started by Peter Duff and Mait Edey can be attributed to David's hard work and foresight. David loved to sail and the many times we sailed together are some of my fondest memories! Whether it was Miami, Buzzards Bay, Cuttyhunk, Hadley's Harbor (a favorite anchoring spot and also where Peter Duff's ashes were scattered), Annapolis, etc., etc., are times I will remember as long as I live!

I'll close with one last memory. David and I had picked up a Shearwater in Stuart, Florida, which we were borrowing from an owner for the Miami Beach Sailboat Show. We launched the boat at a Miami marina and, as it was early in the day before we had to set up for the show, we had a great afternoon sail among the beautiful islands of Biscayne Bay. We finally anchored about 100 yards off the seawall of the fanciest mansion we could find and David proceeded to exercise another of his passions, cooking! Steak with mushroom and blue cheese gravy, some veggies and spaghetti with olive oil and plenty of garlic (a real favorite with both of us). David's dinner was great, the weather was super, the bay was glassy smooth, the lighted skyline of Miami was spectacular, and a good sleep was had by all. Truly a night to remember!

Goodbye, David. Thank you for your friendship. Thank you for the opportunity, at the age of 55 and for the next ten years, to live my dream and be a part of Edey and Duff. I, and all of your many, many friends will miss you very much, but no one can take away priceless memories!

**STEAM LAUNCH  
ENGINES  
AS KITS OR FINISHED**

[www.PearlEngine.com](http://www.PearlEngine.com)  
**802-467-3205**

## Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Mail Orders**

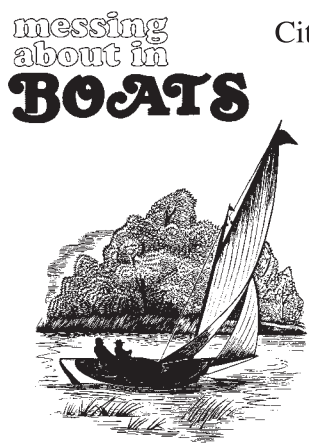
**12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)**  
To: Messing About in Boats  
29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

**3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8**  
Mail Order Only

**Internet Orders**

**12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)**  
To: [www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib](http://www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib)

**No Telephone Orders Accepted**



Have you physically checked the fuses on your boat lately? I am not asking whether or not they work, I am asking whether or not you can actually remove them from their fuse holders? If they are not twisted in the holder from time to time or simply removed and cleaned, the fuse and the holder can become one. This is not a good thing if you are trying to change a blown fuse in the dark on a pitching boat. What brought this to mind was my attempt to recover the fuses from the fuse panel I had replaced (waste not, want not). Two of the fuses simply refused to come out of the holder. Both cracked and had to be removed with a pair of needle-nose pliers.

On a different electrical note, have you noticed how many people connect their electrical devices to a busbar with spade connectors instead of the recommended ring connectors? To install a ring connector you have to remove the screw from the busbar, insert the screw in to the ring connector, and then put the screw back in the small, threaded hole in the busbar. Even with a bit of tape on the screwdriver to hold the screw, more often than not you will be fishing a terminal screw out of the bilge (or some other less-than-accessible spot) because you dropped it during the process. Hence the use of the spade connector. Loosen the screw on the terminal block, slide in the spade connector, and retighten the screw. The job is done and nothing has been dropped.

I needed a spare bulb for a running light. I had the code number on the bulb and started looking. Would you believe the number on the old light did not match any of the numbers in the catalogs? By luck, I had kept the old bulb display backing and it had the numbers that could be matched with the technical specifications in the catalog to find the new

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

part number. It seems that some marine part manufacturers do not have a cross over index (like you find for car parts) to refer the old item ID to the new or equivalent ID number. Thus, you might be ahead not to throw away the package when you get a replacement part. The numbers thereon may be your only hope to find a replacement in the future.

My heat exchanger repair that I wrote about needing to be done in an earlier issue came to a rather abrupt stop when part of a drain plug disintegrated, leaving me with a heat exchanger with a rather large  $\frac{3}{8}$ " diameter hole in the bottom at one end. The plus side was this was the raw water side of the exchanger and the drain plug was not needed as I could always loosen the end cap and let the water drain around the gasket.

The original plan was to remove the two end pieces and old gaskets and replace them, a very straightforward operation. Once I had the end pieces and gaskets removed, I saw a lot of junk at the ends so I decided to carefully remove the exchanger and clean everything out properly. The engine side of the heat exchanger's drain plug came out very nicely but the raw water side seemed stuck. After getting the exchanger out of the boat, I used a couple of different release agents on the brass plug. I had been warned that old brass, especially plugs, had a tendency to crumble. That is exactly what happened when I tried

to "gently" remove the plug. Most of the nut bonded to the exchanger that held the plug simply disintegrated when a turning motion was applied to the plug.

If I had been on the water with this type of problem, I would have taken one of my spare large hose clamps and a piece of rubber and made a patch to get the boat back to shore. Being onshore, I had some other options. The first idea was to thread a brass bolt into the heat exchanger but there was not enough metal to get a firm grip for the bolt. The next idea was a short, cone-shaped rubber plug and the large hose clamp. A friend who had been down that route told me the problems and did not recommend that solution. One suggestion was to braze a thin nut on the inside of the exchanger for the brass bolt to grip and use a ring washer around the brass bolt to complete the seal. The concern was that the brazing might loosen some of the tube connections and destroy the internal integrity of the exchanger.

The help line for the Diesel suggested I simply close the hole by brazing or silver soldering a copper piece over the hole and drain the raw water side through the end cap (if necessary). My trusty diesel mechanic agreed that the patch was a good choice under the circumstances and recommended a repair shop in Tallahassee for me to use. Off to the repair shop only to find they had closed down and were not going to be open for business again for quite a while. Off to the radiator repair shop I use for our two cars. The owner looked at the problem and said he could silver solder a patch over the hole. Since that approach was one of those recommended by the Diesel people, I left the heat exchanger with him to repair. All of this because the end gaskets were old and weeping.

I keep a current set of emergency flares in the orange disaster box on the boat. I have both the handheld kind and the kind I fire from a plastic 12-gauge pistol. When I replace an expired set, I keep the old ones, too. I've assumed that flares are as durable and long-lasting as shotgun shells. Seems reasonable, doesn't it? After all, I recently fired some skeet loads that my father bought about 30 years ago and they worked just fine. Over the years I accumulated quite a few flares. I've been confidently assuming that those old flares I've been hauling around the Gulf of Mexico would be a great comfort if I ever needed to summon help on a dark and stormy night. I figured I could make quite a fuss with 15 or 20 of them.

I joined some friends for a bonfire on Front Beach to usher in the New Year with oysters, fireworks, and adult beverages. Before leaving the house, I remembered that I had all those expired flares and decided that it would be prudent to fire a few and get familiar with the way they work. If I'm going to carry that rig around, I really ought to practice, shouldn't I? It was a rare case when a fellow's innate fascination for fire and loud noises coincides with being that "prudent mariner" mentioned on the margin of charts. So I tucked the little orange plastic pistol and a handful of flares into my pocket.

One can't practice with red emergency flares just any old time, but I was confident

## Don't Count on Those Old Flares

By Don Abrams



Three handheld emergency flares and 12-gauge pistol with four flare shells.

that no one would even notice a few little flares in the midst of all the fireworks, much less think it was an emergency signal. After the celebration was well underway, I stepped ten yards away from the group, loaded up a round, and extended my arm toward Deer Island. For the sake of caution, I turned my head away from the pistol and shielded my eyes with my left hand. I was expecting a pretty good whump from that 2004-vintage 12-gauge shell.

Well, it was a disappointment. There was essentially no recoil and the sound wasn't a whole lot louder than a good hand

clap. The wimpy red flare arced out over the bay and plopped into the water a few seconds later. Not too impressive. It looked sort of like a half-burned charcoal briquet or a flaming walnut. Damn, I thought. I hope they put the young Coast Guardsman with the good eyes on those search and rescue flights. An onlooker pointed out that the flare continued to burn for nearly two seconds after it landed. We speculated that it had something to do with the possibility of submarines as search vessels.

My fishing buddy Ellen has been diligent about learning to use all the gear on the boat, so she stepped up to take a turn. The result was similar, only that walnut didn't light up. We could just barely see it making a parabola over the water. Then we tried a trio of those handheld flares with the pull chain on the bottom. Three duds. I felt pretty silly holding that little chain after it pulled out of the flare body and nothing happened, not even a fizz. I put the whole mess in the car; I was tired of being laughed at by those two third graders with the bottle rockets.

My most current set of three flares expires this month. I'll buy some more to stay legal and I'll keep the freshly expired ones. But I've given up on the ones more than five years out of date. And I've downsized my image of the visibility of a small emergency flare. Forget the rockets' red glare and think red-hot walnut. A small one.



## Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



### Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

**Pert Lowell Co., Inc.**  
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950  
(978) 462-7409

## Builders & Restorers

### Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak  
Designed by Charles Lawton of  
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:  
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



### C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857  
(207) 372-8543  
email: woodboats@msn.com  
**Wooden Boat Construction & Repair**

## BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans  
for experienced builders

### HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

SOLID COMFORT BOATS  
29474 Old North River Rd  
Harrison Twp MI 48045  
586 468 6456  
hortonsailcanoe  
@wowway.com



21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors  
Photo by Bill Ling



Cape Cod's  
Sailing Headquarters  
& Wooden Boat Center  
\*Established 1951\*

### Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin  
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch  
18' Daysailer  
20' Cruising Cat  
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance  
All boats built to the highest standards.  
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with  
teak or mahogany trim.  
Solid bronze hardware,  
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales  
APBY Sailing School  
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662  
(508) 255-0994  
www.areyspondboatyard

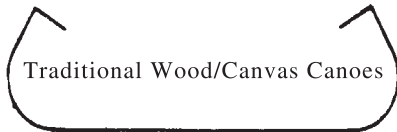
(607) 547-2658

## Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)  
P.O. Box 1007  
Cooperstown, NY 13326

**Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging**

## Burt's Canoes

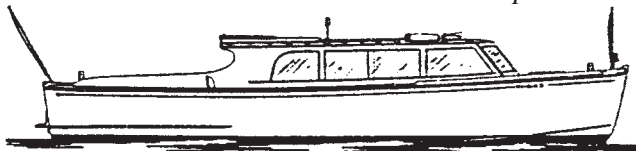


Traditional Wood/Canvas Canoes

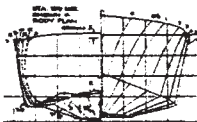
BURT LIBBY 2103 Hallowell Rd.  
(207) 268-4802 Litchfield, ME 04350

## Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



34' W. Atkin tunnel stern  
Sea Bright Skiff



11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 (207) 371-2662

# LABRIE SMALL CRAFT



Matinicus 18

www.labriesmallcraft.com (207) 570-2300



## REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson  
1 Norman Street  
Marblehead, MA 01945  
thaddanielson@comcast.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443  
Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs  
Traditional Construction and Materials





## SWIFTY 12

A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1500. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$20, DVD.



### SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478  
(802) 524-9645  
www.shellboats

## Plans & Kits



### ATKIN

Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

### ATKIN BOAT PLANS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820  
apatkin@aol.com  
www.atkinboatplans.com

## WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions, \$36. SASE for more info.

**GRAND MESA BOATWORKS**  
15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

## A Top-Rated Sea Kayak

**The Coho:** "Of all the boats I have reviewed, the Coho is my hands-down favorite.... I would recommend [her] to anyone, whether novice or an experienced paddler,"  
V.S.—Sea Kayaker Magazine  
Oct. 1998

John Lockwood, Designer  
30-Year Wilderness Paddler  
Computer Design Pioneer  
15 Kits • 5 Plan Sets  
Ultra-Light  
Stitch-n-Glue  
Best Kayak Kits  
Since 1986

### Pygmy Boats Inc.

For a Free Color Catalogue Write: PO Box 1529 ♢ Dept. 2 ♢ Port Townsend, WA 98368  
(360) 385-6143 ♢ Read the Reviews of our kayaks at: [www.pygmyboats.com](http://www.pygmyboats.com)

**This Space  
Available  
Only \$15/Issue**

Contact us at  
978-774-0906

### THE SIMMONS



### Classics of the North Carolina coast 18-, 20- & 22-foot plans available

- ~ Outstandingly seaworthy vessels
- ~ 30 mps with low power
- ~ Light & simple; plywood lapstrake construction
- ~ Detailed plans & directions; no lofting



Cape Fear Museum  
Wilmington, NC  
910.798.4371  
[capefearmuseum.com](http://capefearmuseum.com)

### SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

#### WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



#### MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits

Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts  
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted  
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

**SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS**  
Dept. M, PO Box 2863  
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at  
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

### WESTON FARMER BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

**WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES**  
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034



# DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

**low prices, fast service**

[www.duckworksbbbs.com](http://www.duckworksbbbs.com)

Thousands have built a boat using Glen-L's proven plans and full-size patterns. Send \$9.95 for Catalog of 300 boats you can build plus FREE dinghy plans. For special offers & FREE

Newsletter visit:

[www.Glen-L.com/offer10](http://www.Glen-L.com/offer10)

Glen-L Marine

9152 Rosecrans Ave./MA

Bellflower, CA 90706

888-700-5007 (toll free)

**BOAT  
PLANS YOU  
CAN TRUST**



## Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs, \$28.95 ☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1 S&H

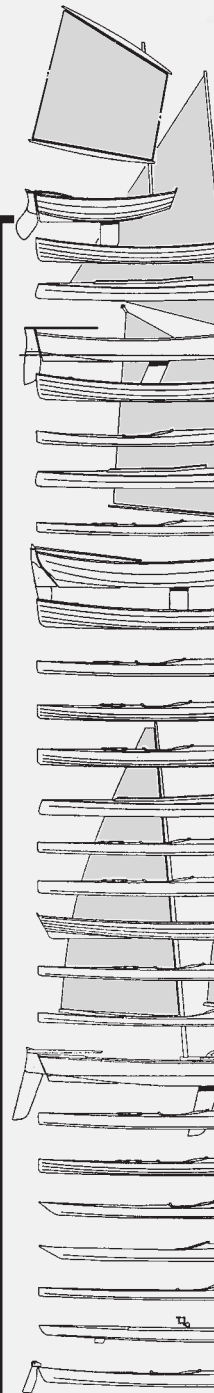
Name

Street

City  State  Zip

**Harold H. Payson & Co.**

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858  
207-594-7587



**The Best  
Boats  
You Can  
Build.**

**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and  
boatbuilding materials, contact:**

**Chesapeake Light Craft**

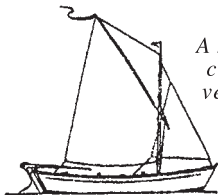
**1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401**

**410 267 0137**

**info@clcboats.com**

**www.clcboats.com**

## CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small  
craft plans for  
very easy home  
building in  
plywood*

For details, visit the website:  
[www.broadlyboats.com/sections](http://www.broadlyboats.com/sections)

or contact:  
**CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER**

**15 Lanyard PI  
Woodbridge, Suffolk  
IP12 1FE  
United Kingdom  
Tel +44 1934 303491**



## Pacific Pelican Plans

*A fast, stable, dry,  
camp-cruiser*

LOA: 14' 7"  
Beam: 6' 7"  
Draft: 5"  
Sail Area: 145 sq ft

Study plans \$5 p.p. Plans \$90 + \$6.50 Ship U.S.  
Plans include: Drawings, full-size patterns and  
100 page book with photos.

Lou Brochetti  
148. NW 8th St. Redmond, OR 97756  
(541) 504-0135



*It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!*

Unique Wood-Strip  
Performance, Sea Kayaks

### Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:  
Nick Schade  
Guillemot Kayaks  
54 South Rd.  
Groton, CT 06340-4624  
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



Built by the designer's 10 yr old daughter,  
Grace's Tender is a great introduction to  
boatbuilding, sailing and generally  
messing about in boats. 8 ft long, weighs  
55 lb. Plans, a 2 hour DVD, kits available.

### ARCH DAVIS DESIGN

37 Doak Rd, Belfast, ME 04915.  
207-930-9873.  
[www.archdavisdesigns.com](http://www.archdavisdesigns.com)



Designs by Platt Monfort

**STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95**

**INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95  
NOW ON DVD ALSO**

Monford Associates  
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578  
(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>

## PICCUP PRAM



11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty  
Taped Seam Multichine  
\$20 Plans - \$1 INFO ON 8 BOATS  
**JIM MICHALAK**  
118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

## Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip  
planked skiff will plane two adults with  
4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete  
instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at  
[www.robbwhite.com](http://www.robbwhite.com).

**Robb White & Sons**  
**P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799**



## Supplies

**William Clements  
Boat Builder  
Since 1980**



P.O. Box 87  
No. Billerica, MA 01862  
<bill@boatbldr.com>  
<[www.boatbldr.com](http://www.boatbldr.com)>

### WOOD/CANVAS CANOE RESTORATIONS

#### RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS

SILICON BRONZE AND BRASS WOOD SCREWS  
CANOE CANVAS • TRADITIONAL CANVAS FILLER  
BRASS CANOE TACKS & STEMBANDS  
AND MORE!!

For free catalog call (978) 663-3103

## MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane  
York, ME 03909  
(207) 363-7426  
(800) 899-1664  
Fax (207) 363-8650  
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.  
Westbrook, ME 04902  
(207) 856-6015  
(877) 408-4751  
Fax (207) 856-6971  
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm  
Saturday 8am-12pm

**HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •  
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •  
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •  
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •  
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING**

We Deliver  
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

[www.maine coastlumber.com](http://www.maine coastlumber.com)  
email: [info@mainecoastlumber.com](mailto:info@mainecoastlumber.com)



We ship UPS

*The Best for the Best*

**1st Class Matsushita®**  
**Professional**  
**THINNNNNNNNN**  
**Carbide Saw Blades**

**503-678-7700**  
**FAX: 503-678-4300**

**www.MatsushitaAmerica.com**




## Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.  
 for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in  
 white, cream, tanbark and  
 Oceanus

Photos, quotes at  
[www.dabblersails.com](http://www.dabblersails.com)

e-mail - [dab@crosslink.net](mailto:dab@crosslink.net)  
 ph/fax 804-580-8723  
 or write us at PO Box 235  
 Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

## The Beauty of Bronze & Racing Oarlock Performance

Rowers who take pride in their boat and their oar handling will love using these beautiful oarlocks designed by Doug Martin, boat designer & sculptor. Used with D shaft oars or sleeves on round shafts, they give perfect 6 degree pitch on the stroke and the recovery.

**Cast from "424" manganese bronze**  
**Standard 1/2" Shafts \$50 pr.**

Rowing Sport (978) 356-3623  
[www.douglasoarlock.rowingsport.com](http://www.douglasoarlock.rowingsport.com)



**MAS EPOXIES**

*"With my wooden canoes starting at \$55,000.00, my clients expect me to build boats using only the finest materials available.*

*For me that meant switching to MAS epoxies over 10 years ago.*

*When I watch the wonder and excitement on peoples faces as they touch and admire one of my newly finished canoes, I know that I have MAS Epoxies to thank.*

**MAS is not just another epoxy, it is my epoxy."**  
 -Philip Greene, owner, Woodsong Canoes

**It's NO Blush, not Low Blush!**



**www.masepoxies.com 1-888-627-3769**



## RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

### RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571  
 Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070  
[www.raka.com](http://www.raka.com)



## UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



### T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335  
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709  
unscrew-ums@tltools.com  
**www.tltools.com**

## SWANSON BOAT COMPANY

*Specializing in Designs  
to Fit Particular Needs*

Tradition-based Rowing Craft  
Design & Construction

420 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095  
Phone: 860-299-6502  
E-Mail: Rodger Swanson412@comcast.net  
**R.C. Swanson, Proprietor**

## Wood Canoe Hardware



### CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

### NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020  
Fax: (207) 564-3667  
Web: [www.woodencanoes.com](http://www.woodencanoes.com)

## CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas company machines.  
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"  
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3

To order call 603-433-1114 or write

### STRAWBERRY BANK MUSEUM

P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

## Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

### Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307  
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704  
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



### WHITE POLYTARP SAILS & SAIL KITS

22 SUNBLEST COURT  
FISHERS, IN 46038-1175  
PH: 317-915-1454  
EMAIL: POLYSAIL@AOL.COM  
WEB SITE: [WWW.POLYSAIL.COM](http://WWW.POLYSAIL.COM)

## WHITE OAK

Quarter sawn, green & air dried  
L 20', 4/4 - 8/4

Also tulip, cherry, B, locust, ash,  
walnut, spruce, hemlock & others

### SPECIALTY WOODS

Westbrook, CT  
(860) 399-5224 (860) 304-2547

## GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843  
(207) 236-3561  
[www.gambellandhunter.net](http://www.gambellandhunter.net)

## Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

the **NEWFOUND**  
**WOODWORKS inc.**

603-744-6872  
[www.newfound.com](http://www.newfound.com)



## ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.

Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.

Call or write for info.

### J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175  
(804) 758-2721

## Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

### SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units  
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures  
as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$197.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- **Sika**flex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam

Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

**LOW PRICES ON:** Silicon Bronze Wood Screws Nails & Stainless Fasteners

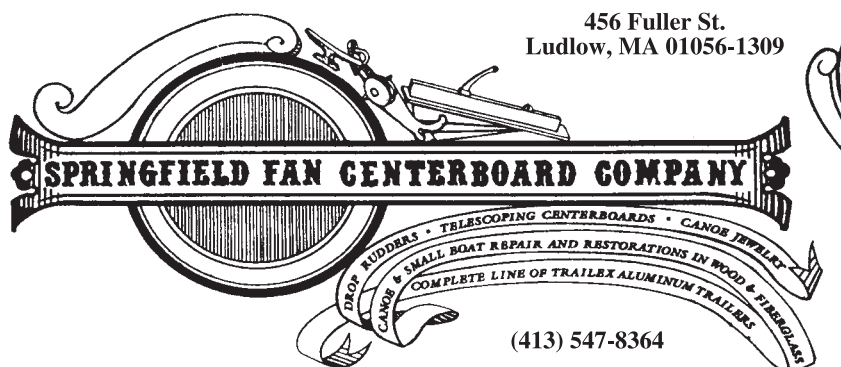
Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service  
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

## MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS, HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028  
Fax (413) 736-3182 - [www.mertons.com](http://www.mertons.com)

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**



456 Fuller St.  
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

## SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

DROP RUDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY  
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS  
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364

# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

## BOATS FOR SALE



**'78 O'Day 23**, Superb cond. Sails: Fully battened main, mylar genoa, 150 Genoa, 2nd main (good shape), spinnaker gear. New bottom two-part Interlux Epoxy Bond ('08) & and Interlux Micron paint. Internal halyards, mid-boom sheeting w/ Harken blocks. All running gear new. New LED light panel. Swim ladder. Covers for tiller, motor & main. Draft: Board-up 2'4", board down 4'6". Sails well w/board up! 5hp Nissan long shaft. On custom trlr fitted to boat. \$6,600. BURKE LIBURT, Orient, NY, (631) 379-1627, burke@crossroadsbillboards.com (4)



**'23 George Lawley 11' Tender**, found in a Quincy Mass. basement in almost unused cond, original brightwork wonderfully intact. A rare find & time capsule. Displayed & authenticated at the Salem Classic Boat Show in '08. Meticulously restored by John Stuart of Yarmouth, MA (some replaced ribs & a couple of dry-rotted boards). This little beauty is in pine as Lawley was known for, w/mahogany thwarts & trim. Original red paint on the floorboards in like-new cond. Rowed her as a double w/my daughter last year on a 6 mile voyage off Prince Edward Island, stayed dry as a bone. Great fun to row. Incl 2 pr new oars. \$5,900. For more pictures or to arrange a viewing contact: PETER SMITH, Cape Cod, MA, (508) 395-7131, pjandb@comcast.net (4)



**Beautiful Blue Core Sound 17**, built from B&B kit. First sailed August '09. New trlr & sails. Spanish cedar trim & hatches. \$9,600. DAVE LAUX, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917, laux@ce.net (4)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to mail.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

**18' Spritsail Cat-Ketch Dory**, Maine built w/9' Shaw & Tenney oars. Wood hull in gd shape. 2 rudders, 1 better sailing, the other beaching. Trlr incl. Sails by Nathaniel B. Wilson. \$1,200. Located in E. Boston, MA. FRANK TARGI, E. Boston, MA, (617) 470-8133, (617) 567-4596 (4P)

**Tartan 27**, Type 1 Hull #T275330873. Classic Sparkman & Stephens design. Vv solid, shallow draft, full keel cb sloop. Sleeps 4+. Incl head, stove & sink. Fast & fun weekender/coastal cruiser (will cross oceans as needed). Dependable, great running Atomic 4. Call or email me for extensive list of gear & recent improvements. Asking \$7,750. MIKE POLLARD, Hingham MA, (781) 749-5583, mike.pollard@umb.edu (4)

**8' Plywood Pram/Dinghy**, in gd cond. Photos available. \$200obo. RALPH ELDRIDGE, Charlestown, RI, (401) 322 8850, elderralph@cox.net (4)



**'57 Chris Craft Barracuda**, original, must see. E-Mail me & I'll send 70 close up photos. Built by a Maine boat builder '57-'60. Original Merc 400 45hp. Trlr & cover incl. Call me for more info. \$6500. ART KORBEL, Coral Springs, FL, (954) 753-7621, classicboats4425@aol.com (5)

**'33 Old Town Double Ender**, being restored. Cedar ribs, cane seats, new decks, new ash inner & outer, gunwales sponson sides, new ash keel, brass half oval stems. This will be an eye stopper! **'36 Old town 14' Rowboat**, square stern, white cedar ribs w/unightly old varnish removed, canvas covered, mahogany bench seats & gunwales, brass oar locks. Mahogany strip deck 4' long has 5 coats of varnish. Sponsons in great shape. Natural grown knees brace seats to gunwales & stern board. Have original order from Old Town. Code name is Asponsetta. Extreme width 53", stern width 42-1/2", depth 18-1/2", weight 190lbs. Offers. WM. PETERSON, RR 1 Box 93 West St., Princeton, ME 04668, (207) 796-5576 (5)



**'70 Westerly Centaur**, rebuilt, refurbished, re-just about-everythinged. LOA 26', Draft 3', Beam 8.5', Disp. 6,500lbs. Lloyds cert GRP. Twin iron keels. Project objective: To have a clean, cruising-aesthetic boat w/known & observed problems of original design, manufacture and passage of time taken care of. Project duration: 1 Jan, '04 thru 31 Dec, '09. Price \$9,950. Boat name: *Saga*. The boat has all the following new items: Volvo 1010 Diesel engine (100hrs), aluminum engine mounts, instrument panel, engine control system, custom 16gal welded aluminum fuel tank & filler system, Type 316 stainless steel water lift muffler, exhaust system, dual fuel filter system, stern gland w/custom wrenches, prop shaft, propeller, stern bearing, batteries & secure mounts (2), cables. Cockpit teak grating. Main hatch slide w/lock & companionway teak trim. Cabin top ss hand rails (3 each port & stb.). Custom NACA0012 airfoil section rudder w/ stainless end plate. Rudder bearings. 140% roller furling genoa & main sail w/2 sets reef points, genoa & main sheets & halyards. Lazy jacks. Main cabin overhead & hull liners. Custom mahogany table & trim. Cushions. Curtains. Mahogany binoc & document racks. All white paint Petit mold resistant. Lexan scratch resistant windows. All chain plates replaced & rebbeded, stern & bow cleats bedded & backed up. Bow rail, stern rail, upper life line. Foredeck Vetus bollard. Custom double bow roller/anchor storage system w/anchors (Delta & Bruce). Boat completely rewired & labeled, bow to stern cabin to mast top. Switch panel & battery switch. Bow, stern, motoring & masthead lights. Raymarine ST 40 boat speed, depth & wind system. Raymarine 300 GPS. Suunto compass. Keels sandblasted & barrier epoxied (never in the water since). Deck & cabin top repainted w/2-part International polyurethane. Special system for transferring lower shroud stress across window openings to reduce opportunity for leaks. Other items too difficult to describe. Original/as received: Profurl roller furling system. 2-burner alcohol stove. Autohelm autopilot. DAVID BANKS, yclept@ventur.net (5)

**Force Five Sailboat**, \$500. **16' Fiberglass Camo Canoe**, \$250. HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford CT, (860) 354-0064. (5)

**18''07 Ladybug Flat Iron Wooden Skiff**, w/25hp 4-stroke Tohatsu, full controls & electric start, extra gear & folding top, Coast Guard equipment, very little use. \$4,900 cash. Trlr extra \$900 OBRO. **15' Aluminum Tracker**, 9.9hp 4-stroke Merc, lots of extras, vy little use, \$2,800 cash. Trlr extra \$600, OBRO. **Lightning Hull**, cedar wood, \$400 cash OBRO. **20' '04 Lunenburg NS Troll Dory**, w/motor well, 2 pr oars, anchor, & trlr, like new. \$8,000 cash OBRO. **18' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '61, exc cond, nds to be recovered. \$1,100 cash OBRO. **16' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '49, vy nice cond. \$1,450 cash OBRO. **14' Bahamian Sailing Dinghy**, built by William Albury in early '50s, nds rebuilding. \$900 OBRO. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (5)





**Weekender**, in issue 26 Nov 08. 19' fg over plywood. NO LEAKS. One man can raise mast easily. Nds a little tlc, could use proper sails (current sails are cut from tarps) & a proper rudder. Rigging is Home Depot. \$850 ready to go on a good EZ Loader tlr.  
FRANK PABST, Plattsburg, (northern) NY, (518) 561-5771 (5)

**23' O'Day Sloop**, ca. '73. Keel/cb, roller furling. Slips 4-5, sm. galley, sails okay. No extra gear. Minimum interior, work needed or sail as is. Sails fine, sailed on LI Sound. For Spring sale at price: Sloop \$999, on new tlr \$2,000.  
CASS, Skowhegan, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (5)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Dacron Sail**, luff 25'3", leech 27'4", foot 13'10", 7/8" sides, 3 batten pockets. Well made, little used but shows a coffee colored stain. **SS Wire**, 6 pieces 3'16" swaged both ends. **SS Turnbuckles**, 5'16"x5" barrel. Never used. Believed made up for Ensign Class sloop, a type popular in Sheepshead Bay, LI. Dimensions on request.  
NEAL SMALL, 2 Grace Ct., #4K, Brooklyn, NY 11201 (5)

## GEAR FOR SALE

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—  
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

### Famous Quotation & Illustration from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T Shirt \$18, Long Sleeve T \$23, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$5.00 on orders up to \$25, add \$2 for each additional \$25.  
THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Road, Silver Spring, MD 20901. 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



**Ash Cleats Pair**, \$30 delivered.  
WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Road, Garden, MI 49835 (410)

**THE RIGGING LOCKER, INC.** has been fabricating high quality standing and running rigging since 1979. Hi-tech or low-tech, I use only top quality materials. All major brands available: Hayn, Harken, New England Ropes, Norseman, Schaefer, Ronstan. Mail, Call or E-mail your requirements to:  
THE RIGGING LOCKER, INC., 451 Main St., Port Washington, NY, 11050, (516) 883-3756, therigginglocker.com, dj@therigginglocker.com (111P)

**2-3-6hp Evinrudes**, \$100-\$150-\$350.  
HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford CT, (860) 354-0064 (5)

**BUKH 10DV Diesel**, w/trans. 10hp, '85, low hrs, w/panel, cables, fuel tank, spare filters, etc. Mounted on cradle. \$1,000. **Hydra Auto Steer**, wind trim tab self-steering unit. \$500. **Interlux Interprotect 2000E Epoxy Barrier Coat**, white, four 1-gal kits. \$200.  
BOB PORTER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 430-8232, whittierporter@comcast.net (5)

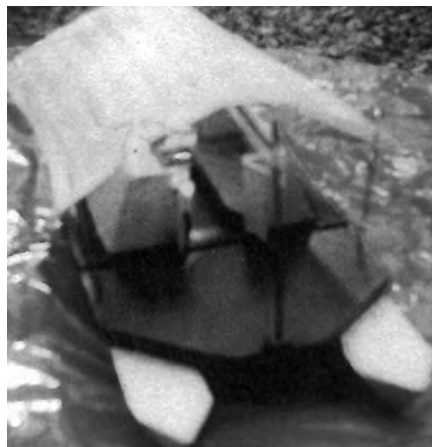
**Port Orford Cedar**, about 2,500 lineal ft. Venetian blind stock, 2" wide x 1/8" thick. Send SASE for sample.  
EINAR SKOVBO, 93710 Prairie Rd., Junction City, OR, (541) 998-2858 (5)

## GEAR WANTED

**Lead Ballast**, any size or shape incl old lead keel. Need up to 1,500lbs. **Lightning Gooseneck Fitting**, or similar. **Blue Jay Sails**.  
VAL THOMPSON, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882-7637 (5)

**Vintage '50s-'60s-'70s 25hp OB**, Evinrude or Johnson short shaft w/electric start to mate up to my '55 Lyman 15' Runabout I've been restoring for the last yr.  
JIM CROWELL, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-2475, crowellmach@netzero.com (5)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



**Small World Houseboat**, sleeps 2. Easy home-built from \$300 materials! Full photo-info brochure only \$5.  
HOBBYCRAFT BOATS, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd, Vilas, NC 28692 (4)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.  
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

**Free Fiberglass Repair Manual**: Don't let fiberglass damage discourage you from taking advantage of today's excellent buyers' market for high-value used boats. You can confidently repair cracks, scrapes, delamination, holes, gelcoat blisters, keel damage and loose hardware with WEST SYSTEM® Brand Epoxy. For a limited time, we're offering *Messing About in Boats* readers a FREE copy of our comprehensive 85-page *Fiberglass Boat Repair Manual*. To get yours just email FreeManualMAIB@westsystem.com (TF)

**Hankinson Designs**, Barrelbacks, Tugs, Cruisers & more. Available exclusively from Glen-L Marine. Free online catalog at www.BoatDesigns.com (TFP)



**Kits for the Fuel Efficient PT SKIFF**: light with great performance at a range of speeds using only 20hp. Check it out at www.ptwatercraft.com (7P)



**Alice 12' 10lb Folding Kayak**, \$100 for full-scale plans & instructions. See May '09 article in *MAIB* or send \$5 or e-mail address for color copy of article.  
C. CORWIN, Box 689, Ketchum, ID 83340, aliceboat@cox.net (6)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW. GLEN.COM**: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9 FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.  
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

## SERVICES OFFERED

**Varnish Spoken Here**, well regarded yacht finisher servicing boat owners from Searsport to Freeport, ME. Fully insured.  
MARK LITTLE, Damariscotta, ME, (207) 751-9511. (8)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT

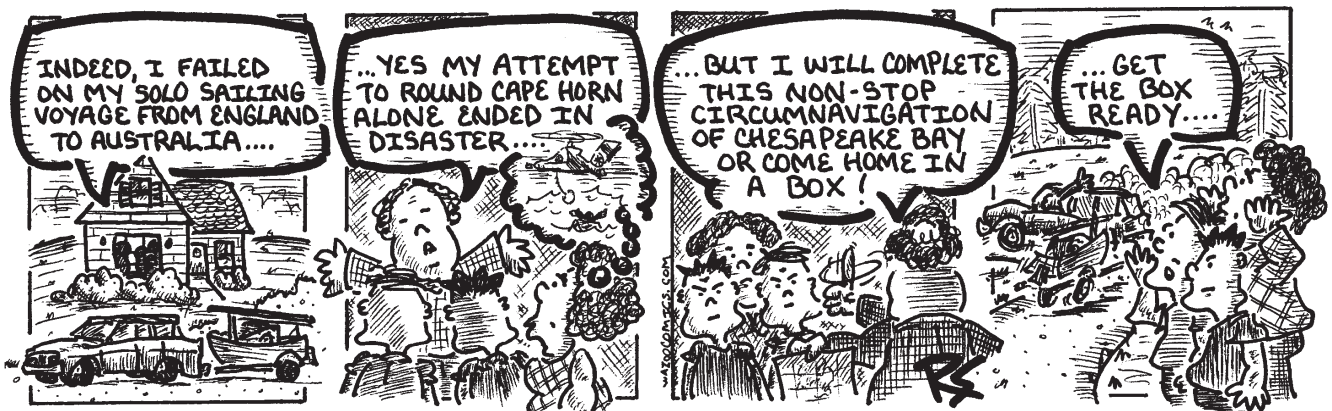
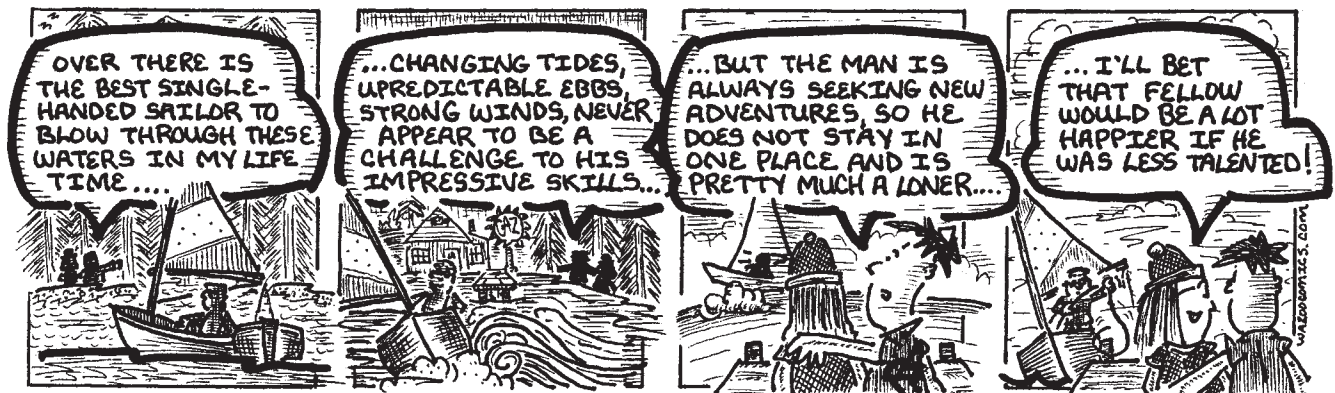
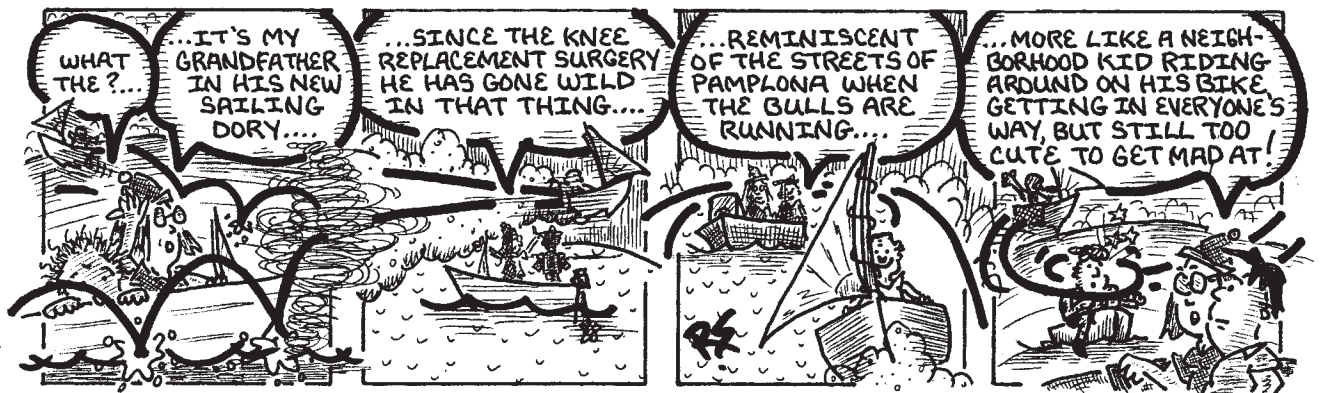


**Bring Your Boat to Frenchman's Bay, Maine**, summer house rental 1 block from the Sorrento boat ramp. House comes equipped w/canoe, or bring your own favorite craft. Lots of interesting islands to explore or head due south for ice cream in Bar Harbor (of course it's a long row home if the wind dies).  
TOM SGOUROS, RI, (401) 295-2095, sgourtos.com/sorrento (4)



# Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

## Adventuring



messing  
about in  
**BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

410

PRSRT STD  
US POSTAGE PAID  
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901  
PERMIT #148



[www.adirondack-guide-boat.com](http://www.adirondack-guide-boat.com)

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445  
(802) 425-3926

### Upcoming Shows

Apr 16-18 Jacksonville Boat Show, Jax, FL \*\*  
Apr 22-25 Bay Bridge Boat Show, Stevensville, MD \*\*  
May 22-23 Adirondack Boat Show, Inlet, NY \*\*  
May 29-31 New Paltz Crafts Show, New Paltz, NY \*\*  
June 4-6 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY \*\*  
June 18-20 Antique Boat Show, St Michael's, MD \*\*

\*\* denotes boats in the water

We are pleased to announce that Steve just returned from the Miami Boat Show.....which was our best show ever. In addition to the half-dozen boats he sold at the show, he also took an order for a container of boats to go to Korea. That's right, a *container*.

At the same time, Justin and Ian were at the Dallas and Houston Boat Shows.... and they also did well. Normally this time of year we are running out of money and tripping over all the boats buried under the snow. This year, coming up with enough inventory for the warm months is going to be something of a problem. A good problem, of course.

